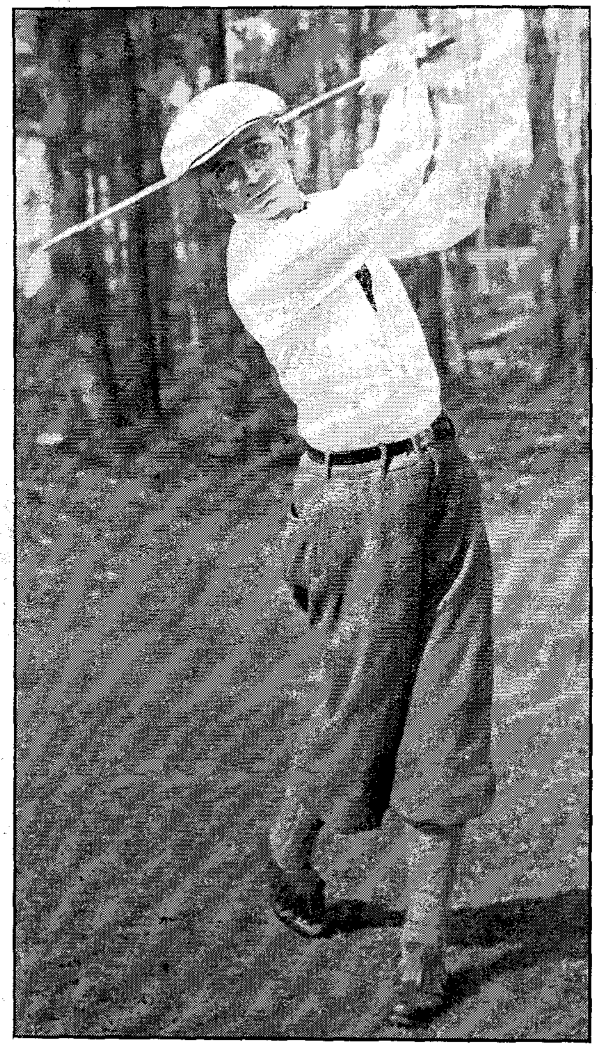
THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)
[PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Titles registered in U. S. Patent Office)
Vol. CIV, No. 6 New York, February 8, 1930 Whole Number 2077

TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

THE MITCHELL DRIVE FOR DRIER DRIERS

Mr. William D. Mitchell is likely to find even less time for golf if he takes over the Prohibition job from the Treasury Department and then carries out his announced determination to weed out habitual drinkers and anti-Prohibitionists from the ranks of his subordinates involved in enforcement activities.



Underwood & Underwood

FORE!

Attorney-General Mitchell is said to be one of the best golfers in official Washington.

For the youthful-looking and golf-loving Attorney-General has let himself in for a vast deal of trouble, editors and correspondents think. Out-and-out drys applaud with vigor; some wet newspapers concede the logic of the Mitchell idea, altho some say he goes altogether too far in laying down an "indefensible" test for office, while still others animadvert on the "sweet job" Mr. Mitchell is undertaking in trying to put enforcement entirely in the hands of "dyed-in-the-wool bone-drys."

"It will give Mr. Mitchell plenty to do," observes the Boston *Globe*.

Mr. Mitchell stated his principle in a letter to an unnamed correspondent. He said:

> "United States Attorneys, Assistant United States Attorneys, and United States Marshals have directly to do with the enforcement of the National Prohibition Law and the prosecution of cases under it. So far as the personal use of liquor is concerned, I do not believe that any of the men in these posts should drink under any circumstances."

An enforcer who himself deals with lawbreakers draws this shaft from the Attorney-General:

> "If a United States Marshal, or other official, who has to do with the National Prohibition Law is observed to have a supply of liquor and use it, it is generally assumed that it is obtained from illicit sources, and I do not think that either wets or drys have much respect for a man who participates as a public official in the prosecution of bootleggers, and patronizes them for a personal supply of liquor.
>
> "With respect to the views of a candidate on Prohibition, that is also an important matter bearing on the probable efficiency of the candidate in the prosecution of Prohibition cases."

This does not mean, however, that an army of cranks is wanted, he explains:

> "We do not want fanatics or zealots engaged in prosecuting these cases, but as a mere administrative matter it is quite obvious to me that efficient, thorough, and diligent work can not be expected of those who patronize illicit traffic in liquors, and have definite and decided opposition to the whole principle of Prohibition, and make it known.
>
> "I have not made any hard-and-fast rule on the subject, and there are many matters respecting a man's ability and personal qualifications that have to be considered, but I believe that no man who makes a practise of drinking intoxicating liquor, or who has definite or pronounced views in opposition to Prohibition, belongs, during this Administration, in any post having directly to do with the prosecution of cases under the national Prohibition Law."

This is "an unexpected triumph," for the organized drys, writes Elliott Thurston in the New York *World*, altho W. W. Jermane of the Seattle *Times* finds the Mitchell letter "in harmony with the Hoover Prohibition policy as announced at intervals from the beginning; the letter merely carries it a step further."

A wet Congressman from New York promptly called the letter "a silly ban and restriction"; another wet Congressman characterized it as "a dying effort to enforce an unenforceable law." However, another wet, representing Attorney-General Mitchell's own town of St. Paul, Representative Melvin J. Maas, is among those who speak well of the idea. Mr. Maas is quoted as saying:

> "How can there be any hope for enforcement of a law that is opposed and violated by the officers charged with its enforcement? This condition must exist pretty generally to have attention called to it by the Attorney-General.
>
> "It is reasonable to suppose that these officers are lenient toward if not entirely ignoring their own bootleggers.
>
> "It is a hopeful sign, however, that the Attorney-General of

the United States has the courage to publicly expose this condition."

On the dry side, we find Senator Borah declaring that the Department of Justice has performed "a real duty for Prohibition enforcement in its latest decision," and Representative Oliver (Dem., Ala.) saying on the floor of the House: "Attorney-General Mitchell has rendered a distinct service to the American people." In a statement commending the Attorney-General, the Methodist Episcopal Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals makes the comment: "an attitude of hostility is a fatal handicap to an official charged with duties connected with enforcement."

The public at large, excepting extremists, "will regard the proposal as based in reason," the Manchester *Union* thinks. "Entirely logical" is the characterization by the Washington *Star*. Similarly the New York *Journal of Commerce* considers Mr. Mitchell's policy "a product of logical necessity":

> "It is doubtless true that the personal-character tests made necessary by the policy of the Department of Justice will be abused in practise, leading to all sorts of hypocrisy, rumored statements of irregularities, and unpleasant innuendo.
>
> "That, too, however, is only an episodic accompaniment to the attainment of the larger end of enforcement. Those who are skeptical that the goal can be reached by such means should have the patience to see the experiment worked out to its logical conclusion.
>
> "Only by such acquiescence can the people count the cost of this great experiment in sumptuary legislation, and then decide whether they wish to perpetuate it."

Even New York papers stoutly opposed to Prohibition find something to say for the Mitchell idea. The New York *Times* feels that he is "proposing a wholesome standard"—"it is doubtful if the men he has in mind will measure up to it, but it will at least have the success of being an open rebuke to unblushing hypocrisy in official places." It seems to the New York *Herald Tribune* that it is just as well to let the Prohibitionists try to do the enforcing themselves:

> "Attorney-General Mitchell is disposed to do so, and we can't help applauding his sense of the poetic justice involved in the plan.
>
> "In the course of time, if he carries out his purpose, there ought to be in the Federal employ a very respectable number of former Volsteadites who have learned one of the primary lessons of effective government—namely, that laws can and should be made to fit the people, and that the people neither can nor should be made to fit the laws."

Crossing to the Pacific coast, "Mr. Mitchell's point is well taken," in the opinion of the Portland *Oregonian:*

> "It happens that Prohibition enforcement has a character of which law enforcement in general does not at the moment partake. It has, unfortunately, to contend against not only the downright opposition of its enemies, but also the mistakes of its formal upholders. It is expedient, if nothing else, that a friendly, not to say cordial, feeling shall animate those who are called on to enforce the spirit no less than the letter of the law."

In the South it seems a safe theory to the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* that "any law is better enforced by those who are in sympathy with it, and Prohibition enforcement provides no exception; certainly a person delegated to enforce the law should set an example of observance."

Such a thoroughgoing friend of Prohibition as William Allen White says that Mitchell is "dead right" and in his Emporia *Gazette* he argues that "if this rule had been made by Harding and followed up by Coolidge, the law would not be in the disrepute which hangs over it to-day in the Atlantic seaboard States."

"If the Attorney-General lives up to these sentiments, you will notice a big improvement in the efficacy of Prohibition enforcement," predicts the equally dry Denver *Post*, which asserts that "one reason the dry law has not been enforced more successfully is because its enemies have had too much to do with enforcement." A little further east, the Tulsa *Tribune* offers this whole-hearted commendation of the Mitchell statement:

> "It should serve the triple purpose of criticizing the Administration's too-hasty critics, of quieting the doubts of drys, and of taking a favorite bone away from frothing wet agitators.
>
> "The Hoover Administration intends to enforce and command respect for the Prohibition laws, and this is its way of letting that fact be understood.
>
> "It is brave, and it is encouraging.
>
> "It is a start that promises progress.
>
> "We wonder, now, if the Department of Justice will go all the way and weed out some of the anti-Prohibition spielers—who sit on Federal courts. A judge sentencing a bootlegger to jail while denouncing the laws under which sentence is passed is infinitely worse than a drunken agent making a Prohibition arrest. He is an influence, while the agent is only a despicable, hypocritical example. While the ax is out it should be wielded over the bench as well."

Where is Mr. Mitchell "going to find personnel of the type he needs," the Detroit *Free Press* wonders:

> "It may be easy enough to discover dry zealots who will be willing and anxious to become district attorneys, marshals, and agents, and carry on special crusades.
>
> "But that is not what Mr. Mitchell must have. Altho some people seem to overlook the fact, there are other Federal laws, and very important ones, beside the Volstead Law, to be enforced. Legal representatives, of the Department of Justice at least, must be men with well-rounded knowledge, general ability and poise, if they are to be of much use. Persons of one idea will not do. And up to a certain point the same thing is true with respect to other departmental employees.
>
> "What Attorney-General Mitchell requires is a large number of persons who will obey the Eighteenth Amendment and support it whole-heartedly, without magnifying it into something bigger than the whole Constitution, of which it is a small part.
>
> "Such individuals are not excessively plentiful just now. If they were present in large numbers throughout the country, the problem of dry enforcement would be considerably simplified."

A vigorous response comes from the Providence *News Tribune*, which is sure "the country will be stunned and rebellious" at this "drastic rule":

> "Mr. Mitchell's pronouncement, reduced to simple terms, means just this: An attorney possessing every one of the qualifications which would fit him for a district attorneyship, no matter what his ability, would be turned down for appointment if the Attorney-General found him an unbeliever in the tenets of the dry sect. The Attorney-General by this act has confessed what the White House never has had the courage to admit—a complete Administration surrender to the drys and adoption of their formula of enforcement by terrorism. The mask has been torn off."

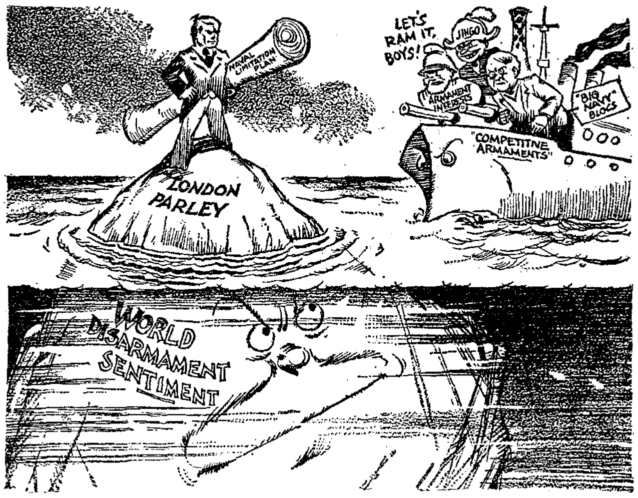
Attorney-General Mitchell is quite right in saying that enforcement officials should not be drinkers, but, declares the New York *World*, "when he goes further and lays down the rule that prosecuting officials must believe in Prohibition he commits himself to a dogma which is demonstrably absurd and indefensible:

> "To set up the test of belief in a particular law is to make that law privileged and to abridge the ancient right of American citizens to freedom of conscience. Mr. Mitchell has closed the avenue to important public offices to that whole mass of American citizens who are exercising their undeniable constitutional right to demand a change in the laws.
>
> "The Hoover Administration is confronted with a situation in which it must choose between abandoning the Eighteenth Amendment and abandoning the essences of our constitutional system. There is no way to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment by ordinary legal process. The Wickersham report is a spectacular example of an attempt to destroy the historical basis of the right to trial by jury. The Mitchell letter is an example of an attempt to set up a form of political proscription to which there has perhaps been no parallel in time of peace."

International Newsreel photograph

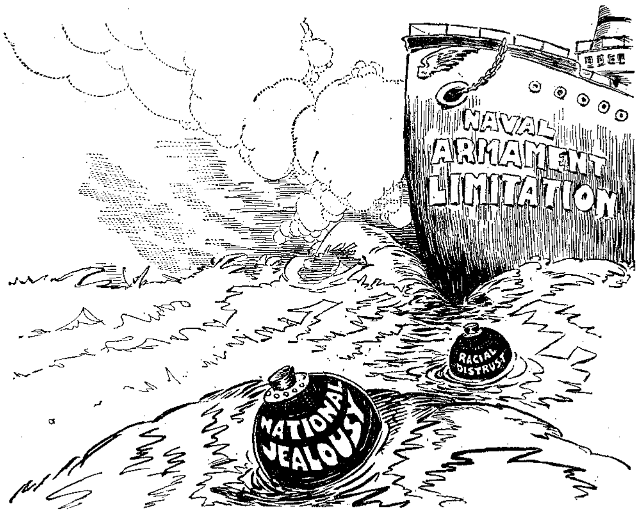
THE AMERICAN GIRLS WHO STARTLED LONDON

The secretaries accompanying our delegation to the naval conference gave London a thrill, we read, because of their smart fur coats, chic hats, sheer silk stockings—and cosmetics. One paper described them as "startlingly different."


NAVAL LIMITATION PLAN
LONDON PARLEY
LET'S RAM IT, BOYS!
JINGO
ARMAMENT INTERESTS
"BIG NAVY" BLOCS
"COMPETITIVE ARMAMENTS"
WORLD DISARMAMENT SENTIMENT

THERE'S MORE TO AN ICEBERG THAN SHOWS ON THE SURFACE!

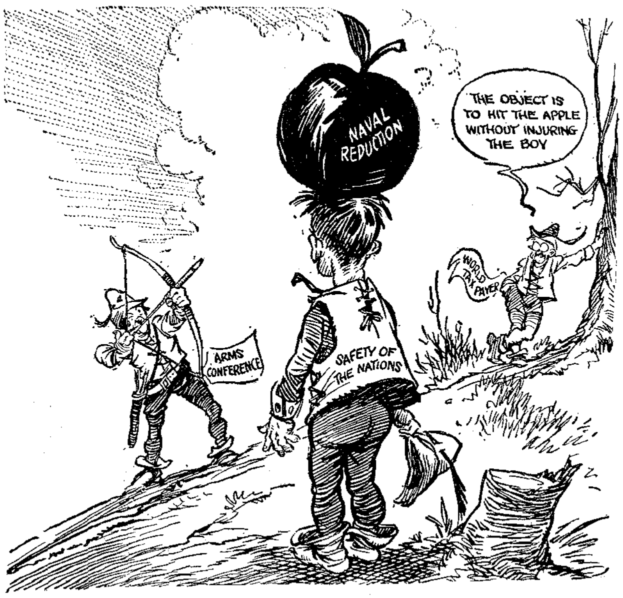
—Thiele in the Goshen *News*.


NAVAL ARMAMENT LIMITATION
RACIAL DISTRUST
NATIONAL JEALOUSY

Copyright, 1930, by the Philadelphia *Inquirer*

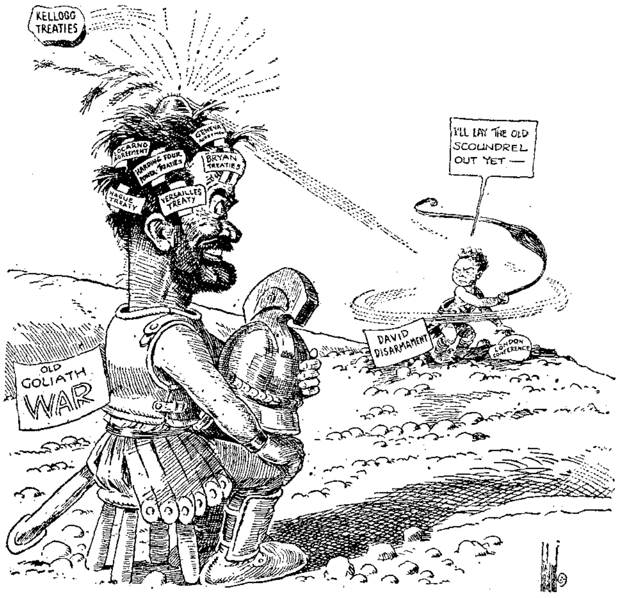
MINES THAT MENACE

—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.


NAVAL REDUCTION
THE OBJECT IS TO HIT THE APPLE WITHOUT INJURING THE BOY
WORLD TAX PAYER
ARMS CONFERENCE
SAFETY OF THE NATIONS

THE MODERN WILLIAM TELL

—Shoemaker in the Chicago *Daily News*.


KELLOGG TREATIES
GENEVA AGREEMENT
LOCARNO AGREEMENT
HARDING FOUR POWER TREATIES
BRYAN TREATIES
HAGUE TREATY
VERSAILLES TREATY
I'LL LAY THE OLD SCOUNDREL OUT YET—
OLD GOLIATH WAR
DAVID DISARMAMENT
LONDON CONFERENCE

BETWEEN TIMES HE SITS THERE AND TAKES IT

—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch*.

AT THE CONFERENCE TO SETTLE THE CONFLICT BETWEEN WARSHIPS AND FRIENDSHIPS

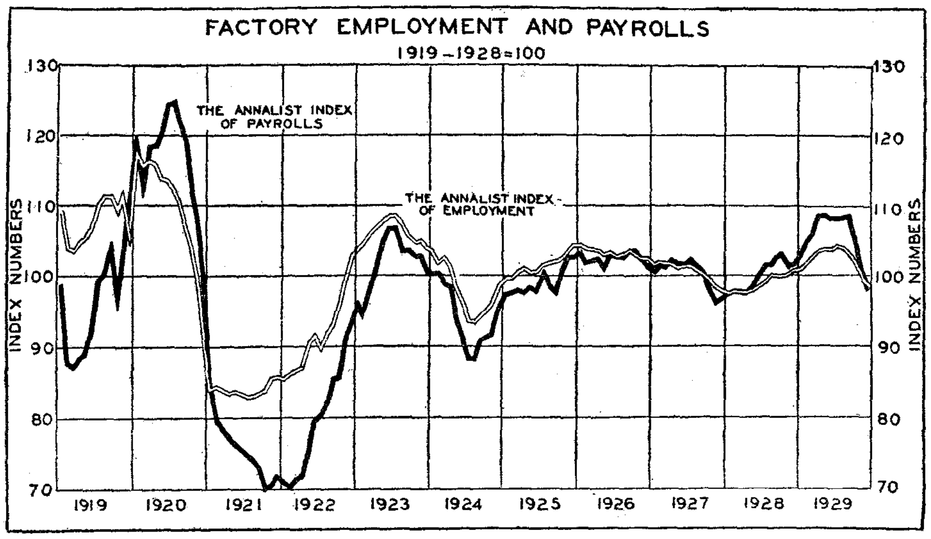
HOW THE "GOSPEL OF WORK" IS WORKING

THE PRESIDENTIAL PRESCRIPTION OF "WORK" to revive ailing business seems to be having the desired effect.

So observes the Washington *Star*, remarking that "the opportunity to work" is now being added to "the will to work."

The cheerful White House announcement that "the tide of employment has changed in the right direction," is editorially echoed all over the country by papers convinced that a real revival of industrial activity is under way.

And yet the mention of unemployment is more than a signal for optimistic outbursts. The mere fact that as many as three million persons are said to be jobless in this year of grace in these progressive United States, the lack of any complete authoritative employment statistics, the fear that much unemployment is neither seasonal nor exceptional, but a necessary by-product of the age of machinery—these things call out sober and serious newspaper consideration.



From *The Annalist*

EMPLOYMENT UPS AND DOWNS IN RECENT YEARS

The sharp drop in employment and wage payment in the last months of 1929 has been followed by an upturn in January, 1930, according to Washington, and this is taken as a hopeful sign for the year.

Twice in mid-January the Secretary of Labor told the President that reports to his Department were showing weekly increases in employment. And when he saw the second set of reports, the President said: "This upward trend of employment is current in practically every industry. It is an encouraging sign." True, the Industrial Commissioner of New York State has taken issue with Secretary Davis and challenges his cheery reports by asserting that her figures show a continued decline in employment in the industrially important Empire State.

While the New York *Times* considers Miss Frances Perkins's figures fully as significant as those of Secretary Davis, it does find that "whether the ebb in employment has been passed or not, it seems clear that a certain measure of improvement has set in." Similarly cautious, and aware that the situation is extremely "spotty," the Springfield *Republican* concludes that "the country will probably work out of this unemployment jam quicker than the prophets of gloom anticipate."

The turn for the better reported from Washington "will confirm the claims of private observers," contends the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* in the metropolis of steel-making. Further optimistic comment comes from other industrial centers. In St. Louis, *The Post-Dispatch* sees "promise that the present unsatisfactory condition will work itself out in the coming months." In Duluth, *The News-Tribune* is convinced by these and other reports that "the business skies are bright" and "prosperity is on her way." Thus, comments *The Times-Star* in Cincinnati, "the movement to strengthen the confidence of business, which Hoover launched when the Stock Exchange crash started things in a retrograde direction, at last asserts in events its command of the situation." In one of Michigan's many industrial cities the Grand Rapids *Press* says "the indications are that the improvement will be steady from this time on." "Certainly," it adds, "conditions are much better, and the recovery has set in far sooner than would have been the case if the President had done nothing, and let us fend for ourselves without information or guidance." In Schenectady, *The Union-Star* hears from Washington that "from the time of the first indications that industry had slowed up, President Hoover's main barometer has been the extent of unemployment; he watched the figures rise, believing that they would reach their peak about the first of the year, and then drop, and that by the end of April there would be a real business revival. Apparently," says this paper in a city of locomotives and electrical machinery, "things are moving on schedule." And it adds:

> "Decrease of unemployment is not the only sign, however, that industry is turning the corner.
>
> "Reports from the steel trade show that this basic industry is now operating at 67 per cent. capacity, a figure well under the 83 per cent. of the corresponding period a year ago, but distinctly satisfactory when compared with the 30 per-cent. level to which operations dropt in the year-end holiday period. From the automobile industry comes word that production for January will run ahead of the previous month, altho falling substantially behind that of January, 1929. Car loadings for the country, meanwhile, are reported to have climbed to 863,191 in the week ended January 11, a total somewhat smaller than that of the same week in 1929 and 1928, but nearly 87,000 cars above the previous week this year.
>
> "It would be going too far to say, on the basis of these figures, that business has wholly recovered from the effects of the recession that began late in the summer, and that was furthered by the collapse of security prices. Unemployment, from the start, has not been general over the country; it has been 'spotty,' and partly seasonal, and the present gains in employment can be explained by seasonal influences. So can the renewal of activity in the steel business and the increase in car loadings. But the recovery in automobile output, which is expected to bring January up to approximately the levels of January 1927 and 1928, or between 200,000 and 250,000 cars, is not a seasonal movement. Rather it is a rebound from an unusually low month of December.
>
> "The importance of the latest trade statistics does not lie in a comparison with other years so much as in the trend."

Things have not been as bad as they seemed, argues J. C. Royle in a Consolidated Press dispatch, and he points out that tho there was a decline both in numbers employed and in earnings toward the end of 1929, nevertheless, "the level of each showed a gain for the twelve months ended December 31, as compared with both 1928 and 1927." Attention is called to Labor Department figures that employment for all industries for 1929 was 3.9 per cent. above that for 1928, and wage earnings showed a gain of 6.2 per cent. Now, "the years 1927 and 1928 were the most prosperous years this country ever had up to the present, and the gain as compared with those periods has given strong encouragement to business men and government executives."

Looking ahead, Mr. Royle reports Federal officials as feeling "that 1930 is going to be a great employment year, not only

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. What American city can not pay its employees? (p. 13).
2. What is psittacosis? (p. 16).
3. How can funerals aid church harmony? (p. 24).
4. Will anything put in the bath reduce weight? (p. 36).
5. Why has Mexico ended relations with Russia? (p. 12).
6. What country threatens to shut out American automobiles? (p. 12).
7. Is a knowledge of how to be happy tho in jail of any value to labor leaders? (p. 23).
8. Where does a hunted kangaroo like to put up its last fight? (p. 38).
9. What is our rat population? (p. 34).
10. Can an affectionate ostrich swim? (p. 54).
11. What three Russian plays were recently running simultaneously in New York? (p. 20).
12. Why did the Dictator of Spain quit? (p. 15).
13. What may cause the black race to turn red? (p. 24).
14. What is the correct way to pet an elephant? (p. 58).
15. What is the difference between a tornado and a hurricane? (p. 36).
16. How many words does Shakespeare use? (p. 21).
17. What is a "mercy bullet"? (p. 50).
18. A two-year-old girl has been known to use how many words? (p. 21).
19. Where in peace time are gas-masks used? (p. 34).
20. To what French possession is much liquor being shipped from Canada? (p. 17).
21. Is a cry-baby always a sick baby? (p. 32).
22. Why are 3,000 reindeer being driven from Alaska to Canada? (p. 46).
23. How many cases of bubonic plague came to American ports last year? (p. 30).
24. What percentage of children between 6 and 15 tell lies? (p. 30).
25. What has shaken Islam to its foundations? (p. 22).

because indications point that way, but because business men and Federal, State, county and municipal authorities are going to make it one." While the outlook is favorable to employment, "there remains the problem of having the labor in the right place," and so "labor experts are considering the possibility of moving labor where and as needed on construction work, in much the way harvest hands are moved."

While things may be taking a turn for the better, the country should not be permitted to forget that it has, for the time being at least, an extraordinary unemployment problem on its hands, contends the Miami *News:*

> "There is unusual suffering, as the relief agencies of all the cities are attesting, from this situation.
>
> "Drastic measures will be required to meet the problem. A nation whose chief economic problem is oversupply can not, without being self-convicted of criminal callousness, permit any part of its people to suffer from undersupply. The time is not far off, we believe, when employment statistics will supplant financial statistics as the measure of the nation's prosperity."

President William Green of the American Federation of Labor has been quoted as saying that "from the most conservative figures there are at least three million persons unemployed in the United States." Much of this unemployment, he admits, "is seasonal, but seasonal idleness means no pay checks." As Mr. Green continues:

> "The dead-line at forty and the continuing displacement of skilled and unskilled men by machinery are things that will have to be met. Until they are met, the suffering will increase. The shorter work week is one remedy."

What the country needs first of all, the New York *Journal of Commerce* is convinced, "is to reach a clear conception of the magnitude and the characteristics of the unemployment problem that we are now facing":

> "Occasional surveys designed to estimate the numbers out of work at any time are almost useless.
>
> "They tell us none of the things that we need to know, and throw no light upon the problem of remedies for chronic, in contradistinction to temporary, unemployment. Various plans to stabilize the labor market are good as far as they go, but they have no relevancy to the problems of unemployment that are aggravated by the increasing mechanization of industry.
>
> "We must have an extensive system of employment agencies that will enable the country to know at all times what is the state of the labor market. So far we have been talking endlessly about unemployment and its relief, without knowledge of how serious the situation actually is. Senator Wagner is preparing to introduce into Congress bills to expand the statistical reporting service of the Federal Government and to provide for cooperation in the maintenance of State and municipal public employment offices. It is along such lines that the problems of unemployment will have to be approached. The remedies that are needed can not, however, be supplied overnight, because the conditions that call for correction have to be known before they can be treated successfully. Many of them are of such long standing that they can not be expected to yield to quick relief."

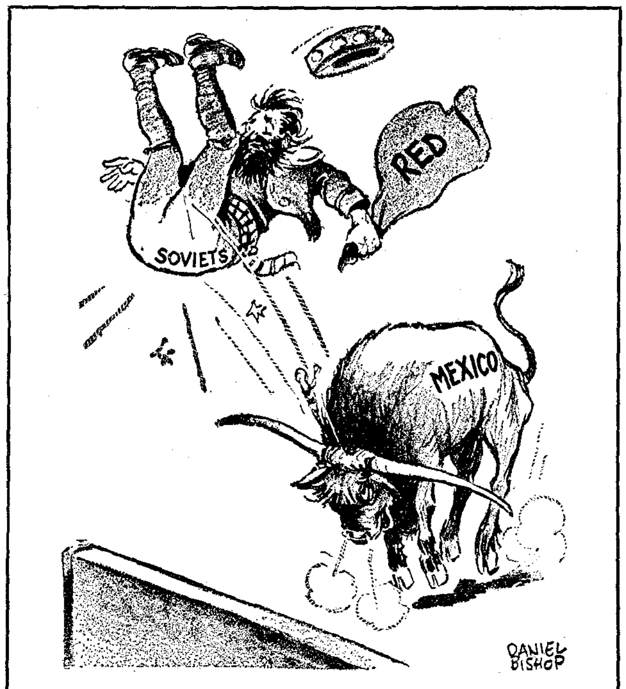
Aside from the present campaign for absorbing unemployment through intensified construction, another aspect of unemployment, as the Boston *Globe* is one of many papers to point out, merits serious consideration. This is the so-called "technological unemployment," the "elimination of skilful workers from jobs by new machine processes." *The Globe* proceeds:

> "Mr. Stuart Chase sets the rate of this permanent displacement of skilled labor at about 150,000 a year, and figures that in four years the total is easily 600,000 men completely displaced by machine absorption of their work. Mr. Leo Wolman, in 'Recent Economic Changes,' sets the occupational shifts for the years 1920-1927 at above 800,000; and while that figure does not represent a purely technological pressure, it is safe to assume that it does represent a considerable amount of it. Tho many skilled workmen thus forced from their chosen occupation are absorbed into other industries, it is an increasingly difficult path and usually represents a drop in wages, living standards, and consuming power.
>
> "The most striking fact is that while population in the United States has steadily increased, and while production in industry has soared, the number of those employed has fallen, and still falls. The professional musicians are a current illustration of the process. Here is a group of highly specialized men who face extinction of their jobs because of mechanical music in the theaters. Cutting machines in the clothing industry have had a similar effect upon another skilled craft. Instances abound.
>
> "A survey covering 1923-1927 is even more illuminating. Production in the oil industry rose 89 per cent., while hand workers declined 5 per cent.; in the tobacco industry production rose 66 per cent., while employment dropt 13 per cent.; in the railways, production increased 31 per cent. and employment dropt 1 per cent.; in coal, production grew 19 per cent., while employment fell 15 per cent.; in steel, production rose 17 per cent. and jobs shrank 9 per cent.; in cotton production a 16-per-cent. rise was matched by a labor decline of 13 per cent. It is significant that in only two large industries the situation differed: the automotive, which built production 21 per cent. and employment 48 per cent. upward, and the electrical, where an 18-per-cent. production increase was matched by a 52-per-cent. increase in employment offered.
>
> "Technological unemployment is, of course, nothing new. It caused plenty of suffering in the early nineteenth century, and is a phenomenon of the industrial age. The difficulty to-day, however, is more serious than ever, since production volume approaches consumer capacity, and technological processes tend to force down the age limit in industry to forty-five years.
>
> "Moreover, increased technology in production tends to shrink even the available fields remaining for the displaced worker. The machine does not eat, wear clothes, or patronize the store; the workman and his family do. The problem is as much industry's as it is the workman's."

MEXICO'S BACK-SLAP AT RUSSIA

A HOSTILE CROWD of 300 turned out to boo and hiss Pascual Ortiz Rubio, President-elect of Mexico, when he visited Detroit on New Year's Day.

This incident was perhaps the last straw, for Mexico mentions it specifically, we read, in her announcement of January 23 that she has broken diplomatic relations with Russia "because of recent demonstrations before Mexican embassies in the United States and South America by Communists." The Foreign Office statement, says Arthur Constantine, Mexico City correspondent of the New York *World*, was couched in vigorous terms. "The Government of Mexico," it said, "knows perfectly well that this propaganda against our institutions and national revolution was prepared and directed from Russia." As "an act of protest," it instructed the Mexican Minister at Moscow and his staff to depart at once for Madrid. Continuing:



AN OLD SPANISH CUSTOM

—Bishop in the St. Louis *Star.*

> "Communist demonstrations against the Mexican Government followed close on the arrest here of a band of Communist workers. These were last week expelled from Mexico.
>
> "As the most elementary common sense shows, the Government of Mexico possesses every right in the name of its law and its principles not to permit foreign elements to meddle with our political acts.
>
> "These by our Constitution and by international usage are reserved exclusively for our nationals. Neither can the aforesaid foreigners make our territory the theater for machinations and intrigues against Mexicans.
>
> "In the use of our inalienable right these troublesome persons can no longer be permitted to live among us. We are disposed to make them respect this country and its laws, which they have thought to make a cloak for the direction of their undesirable and poisonous agents."

"Of course, no one sees the action leading to war," says the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, but it "may have a fairly wide effect if it causes some others of the Latin-American countries to administer a similar rebuke to Russia, attributing their communistic annoyances to her." To the *Post-Gazette*, "it is just a question of how long Russia can afford to be viewed, whether justly or not, as an international meddler." On the supposition that "the trade relations of Mexico and Russia are trivial, and likewise that there are few nationals of one country living in the other," the Brooklyn *Eagle* believes "the ending of diplomatic connections has very little importance." Nevertheless, "it is significant in indicating the growing trend in Mexico toward stilling agitation and getting down to the business of improving conditions." Says the St. Louis *Star:*

> "Mexico has been rough in dealing with a rough customer. It has matched boorishness with incivility, possibly in the hope that Moscow will be brought to a realization of its wrong-doing not possible by a display of diplomatic amenities. None objects to Russia trying its own communistic experiment, but all object to Moscow's determination to impose its untried system, willy-nilly, upon the rest of the world."

It is "the same old story of the same old Soviets," remarks the Camden *Post.* Among the papers that praise Mexico's action as fully justified is the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, which calls it "a direct and courageous challenge to the hydra-headed organization which operates out of Moscow."

FRANCE'S TARIFF TIT FOR TAT

"A DOSE OF OUR OWN MEDICINE," "Tit for Tat," and "A Game Two Can Play."

Thus runs much of the American comment on France's plan to protect its own automobile industry. A towering tariff wall is to be built, we read, to shut out foreign cars. This prospect has so alarmed American manufacturers that a "committee of defense" has been organized at Paris, and Ambassador Edge has been prevailed upon to try to have the plan sidetracked. Nothing less than the destruction of the American automobile industry in France is predicted if the bills become law, for they propose estimated increases of 42 to 123 per cent. in duty.

"In embarking upon this aggressive fight," writes Carlisle MacDonald, Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, "American motor-car men take the position that the issue is much broader than that of the sales involved in the French market. Upon the outcome of the French situation, they explain, may well depend the automobile-tariff policies of many other European countries, which in recent years have been disposed to follow the example of France." Indeed, this movement in France, says David Lawrence, Washington correspondent of the Consolidated Press, is "the first sign of reprisal on the part of foreign countries against the proposed American tariff legislation." And he goes on to point out that "coming at a time when the American automobile industry needs every bit of foreign trade it can get, the proposed French tariff is about as acute a thrust as could have been made."

The proposed tariff is not aimed entirely at American cars, we read, for it applies to all foreign cars. But American companies will, of course, be hardest hit. Last year, we are told, Americans sold 15,000 cars and 7,000 trucks in France, about one-seventh of the total bought in that country. Ford and General Motors are the chief American rivals for French business.

Through the American Embassy, we read, our motor manufacturers have received permission to lay their case before the Chamber of Deputies. They argue that the proposed law would mean the almost complete destruction of the American automobile business in France. But, they say, altho the French industry would benefit to the extent that it could employ 3,875 more workmen, the destruction of the American industry would throw 11,375 Frenchmen out of jobs.

Because there has been no great haste to rush through the tariff bills on motors and motor parts, some of the correspondents believe that the French plan to use them for bargaining purposes while the American Congress works out new tariff legislation.

It is "a dose of American high-tariff medicine at the hands of France," says the St. Louis *Star*, while the Brooklyn *Eagle* refers to the proposed law as "a leaf out of our own book." Says the Detroit *News*, in our motor metropolis:

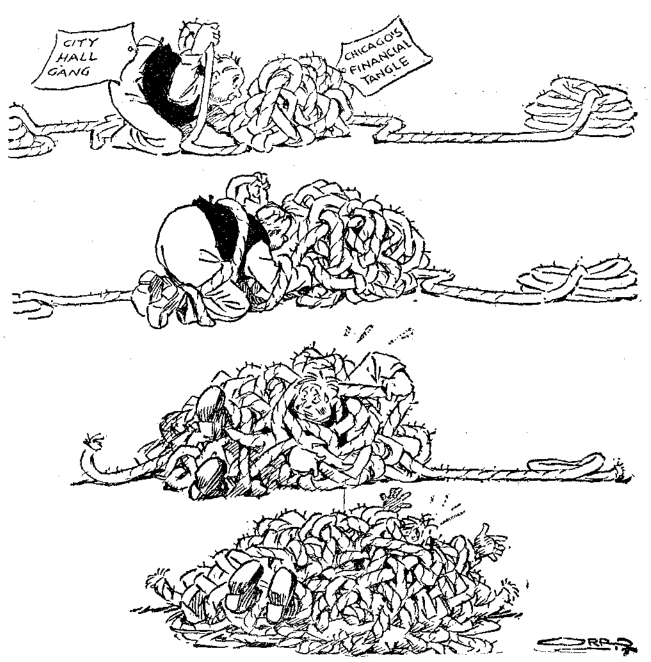
> "Our tariff attitude has long invited reprisals, which are now materializing. The irony of the situation is given point by the fact that the delegate [Ambassador Edge] we pick to argue against the policy in Paris has long been one of its most valiant champions at home."

CHICAGO PILING UP PAYLESS PAY-DAYS

MORE AND MORE VIOLENT become Chicago's financial convulsions as the city struggles with new desperation to free itself from the morass of bankruptcy.

The outcome appears as uncertain to-day as it was a month ago.

Buried in debt, and with its credit exhausted, Chicago papers say, the city faces a complete breakdown in all municipal departments. Now even the street lights may be turned off, it is feared, because of the city's inability to pay the enormous light bills it has run up. "A gallery of 4,000,000 citizens, concerned but unalarmed, stands watching its financial champions," says the Associated Press, but these champions, it appears, have been unable to agree upon any concerted action. Worse than that, we are told, they are not even sure that the remedy, once agreed upon, will prove effective.



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UNTYING THE GORDIAN KNOT

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

The amazing financial conditions facing Chicago, as told in our issue of January 25, have become even more amazing since. A city worth billions, the dispatches point out, is fighting frantically to find money to buy coal and food, and to pay its employees a part of what it owes them. "The day of reckoning for years of financial whoopee," writes Owen L. Scott, Chicago correspondent of the Consolidated Press, "was pictured by officials as almost at hand." Some of the most striking phases of the city's predicament may be summarized thus:

> A shut-down of the public charitable institutions seems imminent. "Thousands of the sick, the poor, the blind, the deaf, the lame, the tubercular—who have been wards of the community—will be thrust into the street, a survey showed," says the Chicago correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, "unless immediate financial relief is accorded the local governing bodies."
>
> Public schools may be forced to close this month, affecting 500,000 children.
>
> The city, county, and school board owed their 40,182 employees $11,276,000 in wages at the end of January. Thousands of them had not had a pay-day in six weeks, and many were said to be in actual want.
>
> Suggested remedies are that the legislature come to the city's relief and that the public and large corporations buy tax-anticipation warrants in large quantities until the regular tax funds are available.

To review Chicago's predicament, we borrow from a dispatch by Paul R. Leach, Chicago correspondent of the North American Newspaper Alliance:

> "The present financial disturbance of the Chicago district came about through a reassessment for Cook County, ordered in the summer of 1928 by the State Tax Commission, because of the many inequalities—alleged to have come about because of political fixing—in the real-estate assessments upon which taxes had been collected previously. That reassessment has only recently been finished. Tax bills for 1928, due a year ago, probably will be mailed to taxpayers by May 1, 1930.
>
> "Cash from taxes has not come into the coffers since 1928. The city and the county have been borrowing on warrants anticipating the 1928 and 1929 taxes, and now it is discovered that the actual cash revenue on the 1928 and 1929 taxes will amount to less than the appropriations made for those years."

The market has been flooded with $185,000,000 tax-anticipation warrants, we are told, and now the banks will buy no more.

Conditions became really alarming, we read, about December 1. Warned by the "rescue committee" of seventy-six business men, headed by Silas H. Strawn, that there would be no possibility of raising funds if the 1930 budget exceeded the revenue, the City Council labored until it had pared expenditures approximately to income. This budget Mayor Thompson vetoed early in January, on the ground that it neglected essential departments. Again the aldermen went to work, we read, only to have their efforts nullified by another veto, with the mayor demanding the addition of nearly $5,000,000. When the budget was sent back to him a third time, however, the mayor acquiesced. Thus, we are told, the way is finally clear for the sale of the new tax-anticipation warrants—if they can be sold.

Mr. Strawn, after striving in vain to sell tax-anticipation warrants to the banks, next organized a taxpayers' pool of about $20,000,000 to help the city along. According to the *Times* correspondent, he stipulates that "there will be nothing available for spendthrifts," and that the money shall be spent for hospitals, mothers' pensions, sanitariums, fire and police protection, and other municipal necessities.

This plan, we read, failed to arouse any enthusiasm in the city administration. As for relief from the Legislature, Governor Emmerson and Speaker Shanahan let it be known, we read in a dispatch to the New York *World*, that "the State of Illinois will do nothing to help Chicago out of its financial chaos until some plan has been offered which all Chicago will support."

As one payless pay-day follows another for the 42,000 city and county employees, of whom more than 13,000 are teachers, "instances of actual hunger," we read in the Chicago *Daily News*, "have mounted to the point where the word 'numerous' doesn't quite tell the story."

"It is unfair to blame the public for the grave predicament of local governments and essential public institutions," says the Chicago *Daily News*. "An intelligent, open and authoritative appeal to the taxpayers would meet with a hearty response. Such an appeal should be made now in specific terms, enabling and justifying immediate cooperation leading toward a definite end for the common good." Says the Chicago *Tribune:*

> "The politicians are asking the bankers to risk the money of their depositors in securities which are dubious, because the politicians have made them so; and, in the face of that fact, the same politicians have the chilled gall to accuse the bankers of deserting Chicago in its time of need. The captain, the navigator, and the crew are blaming the passengers for driving the ship on the rocks, and expect to be applauded in the bargain."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

The bigger the bank roll, the tighter the rubber band.—*Los Angeles Times.*

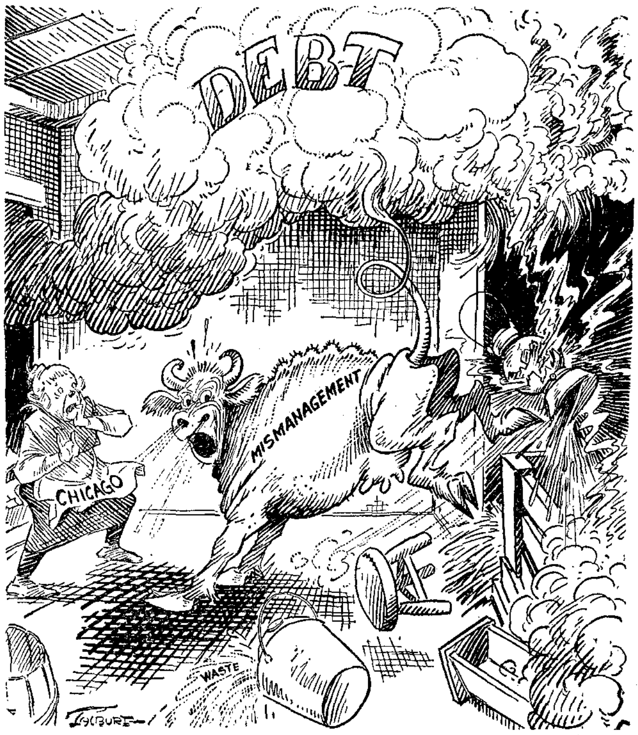
Judging by the alimony they get, some of these grass widows make hay while the sun shines.—*Miami News.*

Until we heard about this "parrot" disease, we never knew exactly what was wrong with Congress.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A scientist declares that many animals laugh. They could hardly help it if they observed people closely.—*Florence Herald.*

Sir Harry Lauder says the best novel a man can read is his own bank book. But we never cared for sad endings.—*Kansas City Star.*

Speaking of the Talking Films, is there any chance of getting the League of Nations to take up the question of Nasal Reduction?—*Dublin Opinion.*



MRS. O'LEARY'S COW PLAYS A RETURN ENGAGEMENT

—Talburt in the Washington *News.*

Chicago finances seem to have been taken for a ride.—*Toledo Blade.*

"League Council Takes Three Steps to Cement Peace." Concrete steps?—*Tampa Tribune.*

Bandits blew up a shop in Chicago recently. They do their shoplifting thoroughly over there.—*The Humorist (London).*

Altho there is a persistent report that the market will be stronger in the spring, many people are refusing to take any stock in it.—*Detroit News.*

Wool production should have made a good record during 1929. The Wall Street clip is said to have been unusually heavy.—*Florence Herald.*

The red light is the place where you catch up with the driver who passed you at fifty miles an hour eight or nine blocks down the line.—*Detroit News.*

"A change of air often does harm to a piano," says a writer. Perhaps that is why the young lady next door has kept to the same one for the last six months.—*The Humorist.*

The Literary Digest wants to know whether color can be heard. Evidently didn't get a tie at Christmas.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

It appears that the mustache is to become fashionable again this year. It will be a welcome change from the things that some of our young men have been wearing.—*Punch.*

An objection has been made to the use of "damn" and "hell" in radio broadcasting. There is enough of that kind of language on the receiving end.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Pretty soon Congress ought to launch an investigation of the activities of those who make jokes about the activities of Congress in launching investigations.—*San Diego Union.*

You must never talk down to your hearers, regardless of who they are, says an authority on public speaking. Still, you'll never get service on an apartment dumbwaiter if you don't.—*Detroit News.*

If you see the world beating a well-worn track to anybody's door way back in the woods these days, it's a cinch it isn't mouse traps the fellow is making better than anybody else.—*Leesburg Commercial.*

"When love comes," says a Munich doctor, "the eye is blurred, the face becomes pale, the heart palpitates, sleep is irregular, and the sufferer loses weight." Sounds like the flu.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

Like the skirts, the days are lengthening very, very slowly.—*Springfield Union.*

Prohibition can never be given its trial until more of its violators are given theirs.—*Thomas E. Pickerill Service.*

Admiral Byrd's style is somewhat cramped by the fact that this old world has only two poles.—*Florence Herald.*

As was to have been expected, the Latin name for the new-fangled parrot disease is pollysyllabic.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

A new motor-horn is said to make a noise like a chord on a harp. That's a nasty hint to pedestrians!—*Passing Show (London).*

According to a critic, when viewing the works of modern artists one should look for beauty of color, form, and brilliant drawing. We suppose there is no harm in looking.—*Punch.*

If the wets would dry up, the problem of Prohibition enforcement would solve itself.—*Toppenish (Wash.) Review.*

Gene Tunney is rapidly recovering from his operation. It won't be long now until the doctors can hand him back to the lawyers.—*The New Yorker.*

True, street widening is making the sidewalks narrower and narrower, but it is also making the pedestrians fewer and fewer.—*Detroit News.*

While psittacosis is causing alarm, the worst disease that parrots have caught from human beings is logorrhea, or talking too much.—*Springfield Republican.*

Statesmen in London ought to be cautious, no doubt, but the discouragement of some suggests they are determined to burn their bridges in front of them.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Tests made by efficiency experts show that the best temperature "for real hard work indoors" is between 65 and 70 degrees. Er—and is there any known standard for, say just medium hard work?—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

That Johns Hopkins chemist who has made motor exhaust fumes innocuous might now turn his attention to making them smell like fried chicken.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A professor says the respect children used to have for their parents fifty years ago is not in evidence to-day. Maybe it's because the old folks are so wild.—*Yakima Morning Herald.*

"How many kinds of Democrats have we here in the South, and what do they stand for?" Asks a writer-in to the Tampa *Tribune.* Many kinds and they stand for a lot.—*Leesburg Commercial.*

Italian bachelors are protesting against regulations imposed on them by Mussolini. But to the married man, a Mussolini more or less, makes very little difference.—*San Diego Union.*

After reading again the sad story of the city's financial status, we have been reluctantly forced to the conclusion that Chicago's slogan has been changed from "I WILL" to "I WILT."—*Chicago Tribune.*

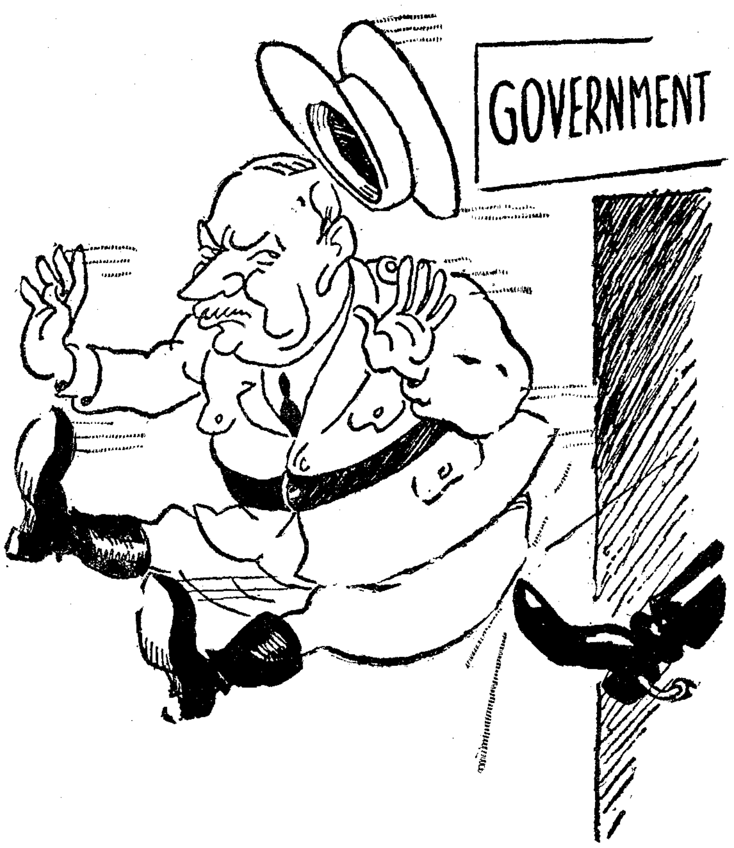
Commander Byrd and President Hoover will fill a unique place in history. During the rule of the one and the adventures of the other, they will always be known as the two people who conquered the solid south.—*Leesburg Commercial.*

A medical expert now comes forward with the statement that setting-up exercises are not beneficial and may even be harmful, a discovery we made these many years ago by standing too near a radiator while doing them.—*New York Evening Post.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

THE SUDDEN EXIT OF PRIMO DE RIVERA

THREE SPANISH GENTLEMEN are said to be the foremost figures in the drama of Premier Primo de Rivera's dictatorship in Spain, which came to a sad and sudden close at the end of January.



TIME TO RETIRE

PRIMO: "I suppose I might as well be going."

—*Le Petit Provençal* (Marseilles).

One is General Primo de Rivera himself, who has had the master hand over his country since 1923. The second, according to Madrid dispatches, is Gen. d'Amaso Berenguer, "long his arch enemy." The third, we are told, is King Alfonso, who accepted the resignation of General de Rivera, apparently with considerable satisfaction, and who instructed General Berenguer to form a new Ministry.

The downfall of de Rivera, "brilliant military officer and politician," who has ruled Spain with an iron rod for more than six years, had seemed imminent to many editors in recent months. His own despairing mood they found indicated in his New Year's statement, from which Madrid United Press dispatches cite the following:

> "The year 1929 has been a disastrous one. Let it go to the devil! I hope 1930 will be easier, and enable me to retire and rest in peace. I hope God will take Spain under his blessing and protection."

It is recalled also that in a signed article in his official organ, *La Nacion*, published at the end of the year, Gen. Primo de Rivera complained of lack of support in various quarters, and said:

> "Politics is always paradoxical.
>
> "The aristocrats are objecting, because in the projected single-chamber system they would lose some seats.
>
> "The Conservatives are opposed, because they want the constitution of 1876 maintained.
>
> "Those closest to the Church refrain from applauding the dictatorship.
>
> "Bankers and industrialists, because they are forced to pay their taxes integrally; employers, because the dictatorship is protecting the workers; State employees, because they must work punctually; the press, for reasons everybody knows, all join the others who are against the dictatorship, and say it has lasted too long.
>
> "This would be all right if it brought a solution instead of returning to the point from which we started. Seven years are not sufficient to make the marshes sanitary. I hope God will prevent a general mistake."

The sudden resignation of de Rivera, it is intimated in the press, was brought about by his action in appealing directly to Spain's military leaders for a vote of confidence. Instead, they quickly accepted his resignation and that of his Cabinet, according to a United Press Madrid dispatch, in which it is further related:

> "It was the King who recommended General Berenguer as successor to the Dictator.
>
> "The Cabinet crisis started Sunday, January 26, when King Alfonso summoned his Premier to the palace and told him he had read in the morning newspapers of the Premier's note to the military leaders, asking confidence, not in behalf of the Government, but in behalf of Primo de Rivera. The King asked for an explanation. When the Premier left the palace, it was understood that he no longer enjoyed the King's confidence.
>
> "Meanwhile the military leaders had given their confidence to the King rather than directly to the Premier. Monday the Dictator expresst regret to members of his Cabinet that he had 'gone over the King's head' in sending his message, and the Cabinet discust the general situation which was aggravated by the action. Tuesday at 11 A. M. the Premier and his ministers went to the palace and Primo de Rivera told the King he had been 'fundamentally mistaken' in having taken the initiative. The King accepted his oral resignation, agreeing not to announce it officially until night. It was 6 P. M. before the citizenry began to learn of the resignation, altho the news had been cabled to foreign countries hours earlier."

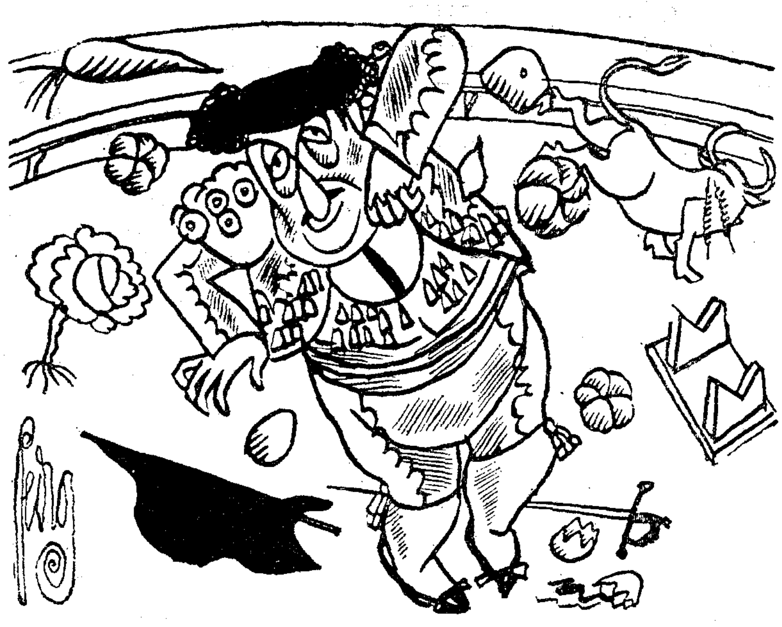
Contrary to custom, we read then, General de Rivera went to the palace in civilian clothes to present his resignation formally. He spent about twenty minutes with the King, and when he reappeared, merely handed the reporters an official note. Then, we are told:

> "He walked through the crowd, remarking on the beauty of a woman reporter, and stept into his automobile. As the automobile started, he handed a copy of his resignation to reporters.
>
> "The official statement of the former Premier, whose government remained active pending installation of the new régime, said the King eulogized the work of all members of the government. The statement added that all neutral elements which had cooperated with the dictatorship were expected to continue active. The 'personal affairs and health' of the Dictator were officially given as the cause of his resignation.
>
> "General Berenguer is Count of Xauer, and a strong figure in army circles, despite his failures in Morocco, for which he

served a year's imprisonment, after being sentenced to twenty years. Charges of incompetence were advanced against him at that time.

"In 1924 he was involved in agitation against the régime of Primo de Rivera, but the King's influence averted punishment, and later he was made head of the royal military household. He is fifty-seven years old."

Meanwhile, it appears, the news of the forced resignation of Primo de Rivera, after six years and four months in power, seems to have unleashed the long smoldering resentment of radicals, despite declarations that General Berenguer's Cabinet would be composed principally of civilians with only one or two military members. Madrid dispatches advise us that "striking students in Madrid rioted before the Royal Palace, hoisting a red flag and shouting: '*Viva* liberty, *viva* republic; death to policemen!'"



EVERYTHING WENT MATADOR PRIMO'S WAY

—*L'Oeuvre* (Paris).

Short shrift was given to the former Spanish Dictator before his resignation by the Madrid *Debate*, which cried:

"Primo de Rivera had outgrown his usefulness, and another man may as well lead the march to normal conditions. There have been rumors of intrigues at Court against him, and some indications that his supporters are deserting him to line up with whatever they think will be the new régime."

Despite such a rating of Primo de Rivera, it is recorded in a Madrid dispatch to the New York *Times* that he wiped out unemployment, and brought security to the bulk of the country. When Primo de Rivera seized the reins of authority in Spain, remarks the Montreal *Daily Star*, that country was in a bad way, "rapidly moving toward anarchy and national bankruptcy." But it is claimed:

"He has restored her prestige, and if his methods have not commended themselves to those whom he has ruthlessly overridden, it can at least be said that they were direct, and that they enabled him to carry out his plans for the regeneration of his country.

"De Rivera is a patriot with a high sense of duty. Spain, under his dictatorship, increased the value of exports from $305,356,045 to $379,056,305 in four years, and in the same period reduced her imports from $587,961,305 to $517,104,140. Her credit to-day is good abroad, and there has been considerable expansion in her industrial development. The introduction of an efficient telephone service through the country has also done much to help forward progress. In fact, de Rivera can point with pride to real accomplishments, and he has certainly fulfilled his declaration that he would pave the way for Spain to be both prosperous and progressive."

POOR PSITTACOSIZED POLLY

EXTINCT AS THE DODO will be "Pretty Polly" and "Poor Polly" if the psittacosis panic persists.

This is the prediction of certain editors who feel that however communicable the disease of psittacosis may be from parrot to men and women, the conflagration of fear about it, like all extremes, should be held in check. The psittacosis cry, we learn from the press, is heard throughout Europe and throughout North and South America.

Nevertheless, we learn from Washington Associated Press dispatches that President Hoover has come to the aid of the Public Health Service in its attempt to stamp out parrot fever among humans, by declaring an embargo against the importation of parrots from any foreign port. In time, thinks the Toronto *Mail*, no parrots will be found in the United States, and consequently "certain human beings, politicians, and newspapers will have a monopoly of psittaceous utterances."

In Germany, where parrots have long been the familiars of the household, their owners fairly formed a procession in the early days of the year as they hastened with their pets in cages to the Berlin Zoo, and to various bacteriological institutes of the capital. Within two weeks as many as six deaths from this mysterious disease were recorded, according to the Berlin correspondent of the London *Observer*, and he continues:

"The resemblance of the symptoms to acute inflammation of the lungs has, it is understood, prevented other cases which appear suspicious in retrospect from being recognized in time.

"Eighteen severe cases in Berlin have occurred in houses where a parrot has been ill, or died, and have led the police to infer that all the present cases in houses where a new parrot has been bought can be traced to one particular consignment, which arrived at Hamburg on the ship *Cape Ancona*, and were delivered to various zoological firms.

"When this boat came into port again it was met by the director of the Hygienic-Bacteriological Institute, Dr. Elkeles, whose mission it is to ascertain the name and address of every purchaser of a *Cape Ancona* parrot. The Argentine has been discovered as the source of the Berlin cases. It is hoped by tracing every parrot of the infected consignment to obtain many birds for observation, and, of course, to prevent further infection.

"The chief point of interest to the layman is that German scientific opinion believes that certain birds act as carriers of infection in the same way as certain human beings are carriers of typhoid germs, altho immune themselves from the disease. The germ of psittacosis, it is understood, has been recognized as belonging to the paratyphus group B.

"Parrot owners in Germany are warned against letting their pets peck food from their lips, or allowing themselves to be 'kissed' or bitten by them. They are informed that this is a dangerous habit, as tuberculosis germs can be carried in this way.

"Altho psittacosis is still more or less a mystery, it is stated that small grayish knots or lumps are found in livers of parrots which have fallen victims to the disease. The disease, it is said, causes the bird to refuse nourishment; its wings hang down, and breathing is heavy and distrest.

"Six cases reported from Altona, near Hamburg, show that the disease is highly infectious among human beings. A doctor and nurse both caught the disease from one sufferer who entered the hospital in which they were engaged. At the same time, people are warned that not all sick parrots necessarily have psittacosis, and that with proper care the majority both of birds and human beings recover.

"In Germany parrots are greatly loved as pets by flat-dwellers who are debarred from the joys of a garden, or from keeping dogs and cats. It is hoped that the already very high standard of German efficiency in dealing with tropical diseases may profit by the material for study now offered."

"PLEASE DON'T SHOOT CANADIANS!"

THIS PLAINTIVE CRY is heard in various parts of the Dominion of Canada.

The pleading results from the Washington proposal that in the interest of Prohibition enforcement there should be an armed American patrol of 10,000 coast guards along the 3,000 miles of unfortified frontier between Canada and the United States.

Some Canadian editors are wroth at the idea. Some subject it to mockery. Yet others express great sympathy with the United States in its Prohibition problem.

The latter urge Canadians to do all they can to avoid conflict with the American regulations, and not to condone violation. Their argument is that in the long run profits gleaned from liquor selling can not do Canada any good.

In the matter of the American dry law, the London (Ont.) *Advertiser* notes that there seems to be choice between enforcement and obedience on the one hand, and lawlessness bordering on chaos on the other. This daily then remarks:

"President Hoover makes his choice enforcement, and as the Chief Executive of the nation, he can do nothing else without repudiating his duty.

"In this situation it is unfortunate that Canada should seem to be against the Government of the United States and on the side of the lawbreakers. Some say, 'Let the United States enforce their own laws.' It is true that we are not called upon to assist our neighbors in enforcing their laws, but it is equally true that we should not assist those who are breaking the laws, especially when the President and the Government are straining every nerve to make enforcement more effective.

"There is no question here between wets and drys in Canada. Canadians will lose no part of their liberty. They will continue to be governed by their own laws, no matter what is done to restrict exports. The question is one of international relations and neighborly conduct.

"The proposal to increase the duties on certain products of Canada when exported to the United States has nothing to do with the case. We are at liberty to make any sort of tariff we please, and to look elsewhere for trade, but not to plead that the tariff of the United States is an excuse for conduct which makes it more difficult for the Government of the United States to enforce the laws of that country."

In a press cable to the London *Daily Mail*, its New York correspondent points out that if the wishes of the authorities at Washington are fulfilled, the boundary line between Canada and the United States, which for more than a century has required no army for its defense, will be dotted by a force of 10,000 coast guards on the United States side. What is more, this informant tells us:

"The frontier's 100 ports of entry are also to be increased to 600, and in future, it is proposed, no one is to be allowed to cross from one country to the other except through one of these ports.

"These changes, it is explained, are rendered necessary by the exigencies of Prohibition. As the United States custom-houses at each of these ports of entry must have their Canadian counterparts, the new scheme, to be a success, requires the cooperation of the two governments.

"Hitherto Canadians and Americans have crossed the border wherever they pleased, provided they notified the nearest port of entry of their crossing."

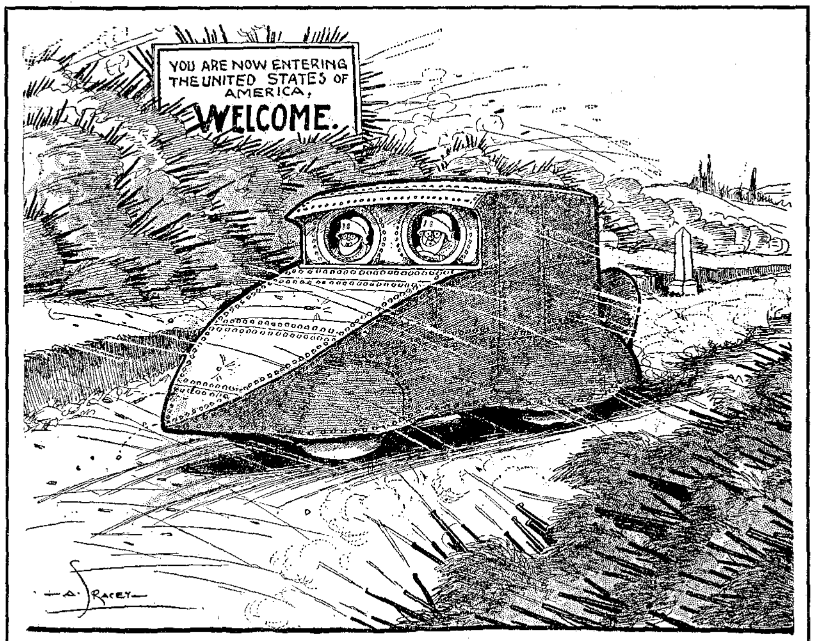
Just how big an industry border bootlegging is, we are told, may be gathered from the figures for the export trade of Canadian distillers, brewers, and wine-growers for the year 1929. As cited by the Ottawa *Evening Citizen*, the record shows that:

"Apart from home consumption, the export of alcoholic beverages—whisky, beer, and wine included—in 1929 was valued at $29,559,929 as compared with $28,448,393 in the calendar year of 1928.

"Of this total quantity, last year, $20,787,100 worth went to the United States and the balance to other countries, but evidently the traffic is declining somewhat, for in 1928 the exports to the States totaled $23,159,498."

A new international aspect of the problem appears in an Ottawa press dispatch to the Vancouver *Sun*. According to this information the United States may in future wet wrangles have to deal with the Government of France and not with Canada. Such a prediction is based on the figures on liquor export from Canada, of which we read:

"They show a tremendous increase in the whisky exports from Canada to St. Pierre-Miquelon, the French island colony in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.


YOU ARE NOW ENTERING THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, WELCOME.
A. RACEY

A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE

A Canadian tourist crossing the border on a pleasure trip to the United States.

—A. G. Racey, in *The Daily Star* (Montreal).

"The same figures also show a remarkable coincidence between this increase and the increase to the United States.

"Whisky exports to the United States, direct, in November, 1929, were 130,627 gallons, as compared with only 87,771 gallons in the same month in 1928. Whisky exports to St. Pierre in November, 1929, were 188,900 gallons, as compared with only 63,253 gallons in November of the previous year.

"Ale and beer exports to the United States showed a heavy decrease.

"The trading base between Canada and the United States when or if Prohibition of export is legislated at the coming session will be St. Pierre-Miquelon.

"If international difficulties arise over what is bound to be an even more troublesome situation for the United States, that country will have to do business with the Government of France."

The mere suggestion that the United States should arm and patrol its border against the entry of Canadian liquor rouses the ire of the Vancouver *Daily Province*, which declares:

"It is an unhappy proposal because, if it were carried out, it would inevitably raise a cloud upon the old friendship of the two peoples.

"Canadians would be reminded, every time they crossed the border, that the honest boast of the unfortified frontier and the hundred years of peace had ended in this display of men and vessels and munition of war.

"Americans would be reminded, on their lawful occasions at the border, that this display of force was intended against the people who were to be their hosts. It would make Canada the scapegoat of the domestic liquor issue of the United States. It would exhibit Canada—which supplies only 2 per cent. of the illicit liquor consumed in the United States—as the villain of the Prohibition drama."

Ten thousand rifles and one thousand machine-guns are liable to do a lot of damage anywhere, observes the Ottawa *Journal*.

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

But, it adds, "when they are in the hands of the sort of people who have been serving as Volstead-enforcement officers, notoriously without discrimination in fingering a trigger, anybody's liable to be shot at any time, whether he is a smuggler, or a bootlegger, or an evangelist." So this daily thinks "it's no matter to laugh at."

WHAT'S CZECH AND WHAT'S SLOVAK

THE EXACT RELATIONSHIP between the Czechs and the Slovaks is said to be a puzzling problem to people outside Czecho-Slovakia.

To those accustomed to think of the inhabitants of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire merely as "Austrians" and "Hungarians," we are told, it may seem strange that the Slovaks, who were subjects of the Magyars, should have come together so quickly with the Czechs, who were under Austria's thumb until 1918. A dependable Czech-Slovak authority, the Prague *Central European Observer*, clears up the mystery. As a matter of fact, it advises us, the Czechs and the Slovaks constitute a single nation, whose members have been divided into two artificial divisions for the sake of a policy which was equally artificial. This weekly proceeds:

Ewing Galloway photograph

HALF HOUSE, HALF BARN

Peasant women in Czecho-Slovakia stowing fodder for their live stock in the barn section of the house.

> "All scholars are agreed that there is only one Czecho-Slovak nation. To declare otherwise would be to maintain that people who have as little difference from each other as the people of Lancashire from those of the south of England, or the Border Counties, are not to be classed as one nation. In fact, the differences between the Czechs and the Slovaks are very small indeed.
>
> "The Czechs are separated from the Slovaks only by the river Morava, and there is no difference in the languages or the economic development of the people on either bank. Prof. Frantisek Pastrnek, who is recognized as the greatest authority on questions relating to Slovak dialects, when dealing in his book, 'From the Bohemian Forest to the Carpathians,' with the dialect spoken by the people in the district of Skalice, says: 'The Czecho-Moravian dialects, from the point of view of philology, form one complete whole with certain characteristics common to them all. The Slovak dialect penetrates far into Moravia, and it is by no means easy to show with any degree of certainty just where it begins, has become modified, or where it is most closely allied to the Czech-Moravian dialect.
>
> "The unity of the Czecho-Slovak nation in Moravia and Slovakia appears not only in language but in many other spheres of the people's life. The artistic life of the inhabitants on both sides of the river Morava has gone on developing in much the same way, as may be seen in the similarity of the work in embroidery, costumes, ornaments, and decorations of various sorts, carried on by the peasants. Thus in Javornik in Moravia the peasants are fond of adorning their costumes with red, white, and yellow just as do those of Bosace and Cicmany in Slovakia, while the wooden huts of the Pobecvi district resemble those of Trencin, Turciansky, Sv. Martin, and Orava. The hand-painted eggs of these parts are practically identical, as are the music and dances. These are but a few illustrations of the common cultural development which has taken place in the past, and serve to show that the Slovaks and the Moravians—and therefore the Czechs—are one and the same people."

But despite their fundamental unity, this Prague weekly goes on to say, it can not be denied that differences of outlook do exist as between Czechs and Slovaks, especially in the realm of religion and in the conception of national consciousness. It is then pointed out that because the consciousness of the national idea was but little developed in Slovakia, as compared with its development in Bohemia and Moravia, it follows that even to-day the whole body of the Slovak population has not yet been won over to the new condition of affairs. We read then:

> "Before the revolution many of the towns and some of the leading intellectual circles were pro-Magyar, an inevitable result of the fact that so many of the educated people were trained in Magyar schools, and therefore to them the Magyar way of thinking is the most natural. A very important consequence of all this is to be seen in the fact that many Slovaks are not really interested in the development of the national life, so that to them the conditions of the average Slovak peasant are a matter of little concern.
>
> "In these circumstances the task of the band of Slovak intellectuals who have striven so long and so bravely to give the once-oppress Slovak, so often illiterate, through no fault of his own, a pride of race and language, is no easy one. But with the growth of educational facilities and freedom from all kinds of tyranny, there is no doubt that a new change will come over Slovakia.
>
> "The present generation, growing up in quite a different atmosphere, with ideas of freedom rather than of servility, in fact with a completely new mental slant, will produce a new national consciousness in their own country and a state of affairs where the benefits of the unity of Czechs and Slovaks will be fully realized."

In connection with the history of the movement for unity among the Czecho-Slovak people, it is noted that before the coming of the Magyars in the ninth century, Czechs, Moravians, and Slovaks were "one and the same nation." This may be seen in "their language and system of government."

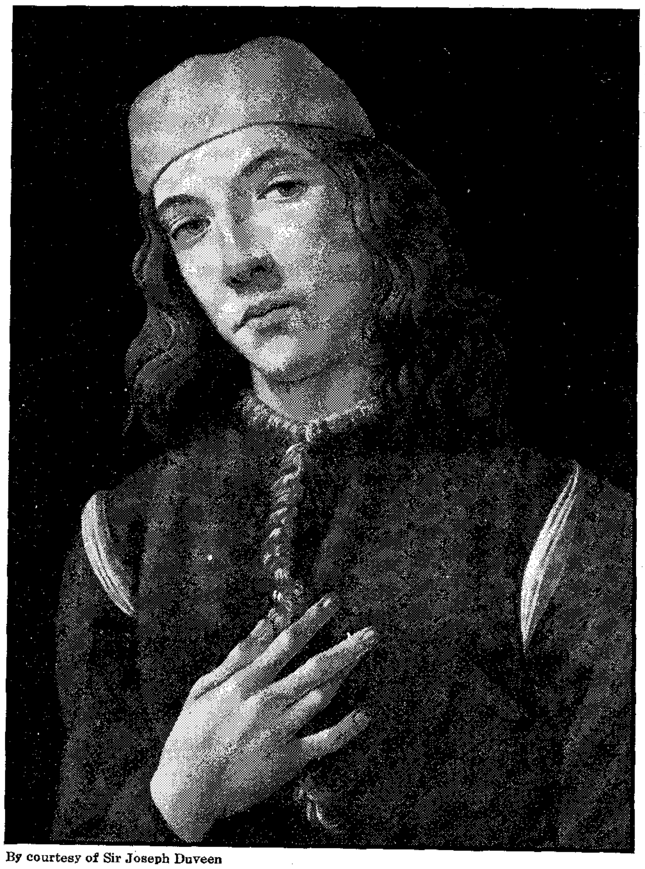
LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

AMERICA SENDS ITALIAN MASTERPIECES ABROAD

WILL THE BURLINGTON HOUSE exhibition of Italian art come to America after its stay in London? Efforts are made to that end; the New York *World* hopes they fail.

It is reverence for the great masterworks themselves that prompts the feeling. The risk is too great from distance and climate; disaster would impoverish the world. Suppose we organize our own Italian exhibition! Twoscore canvases from America have recrossed the water to hang in Burlington House, and enough Italian paintings are now owned by Americans to fill a wing of the Louvre. This latter statement is made by Mr. Royal Cortissoz of the New York *Herald Tribune*, who has written a full account of the loans made to the London exhibition by American owners, and prefaced it by a brief story of American connoisseurship in the field of Italian art. We treated the exhibition as a whole in our January 25 issue. Now we specialize on America's gesture:



By courtesy of Sir Joseph Duveen

"MOST BOTTICELLIAN OF ALL BOTTICELLIS"

Lent by Clarence H. Mackay to the Burlington House Exhibition.

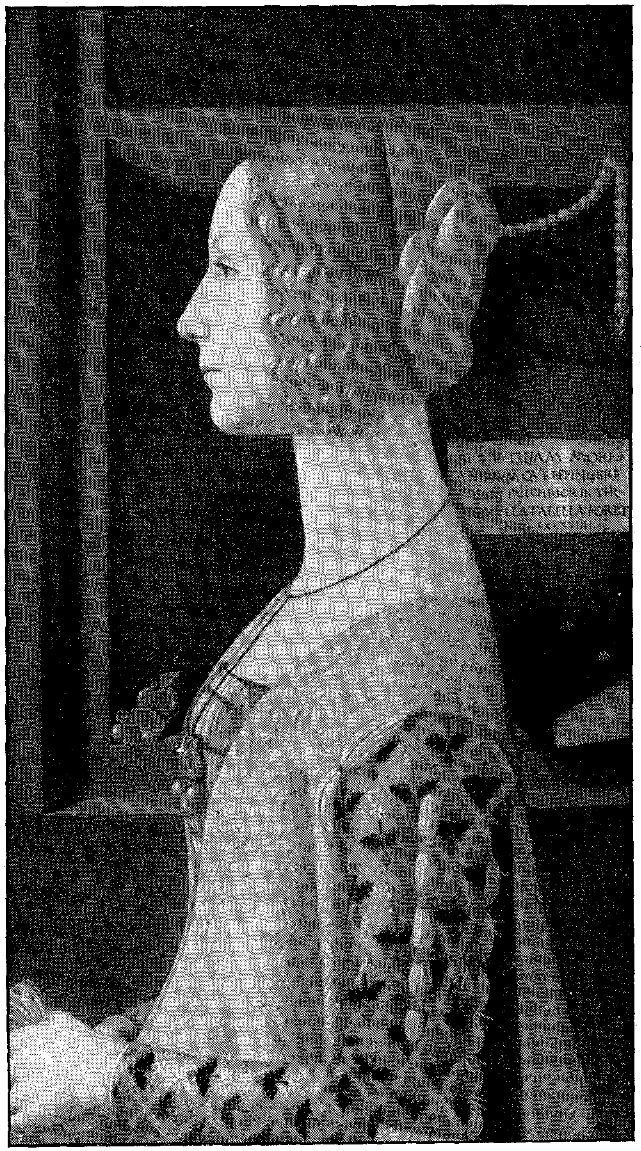
> "It is a comparatively short time since the collection of Italian pictures deposited by the late Jackson Jarves at Yale University was the sole monument to the subject in this country.
>
> "These pictures came over in 1860. For years after that Renaissance Italy was nevertheless the last place and period from which our wealthy amateurs dreamed of drawing any of their own works of art. Fashion, which had battened upon the sentimentalists of Düsseldorf, turned subsequently to nothing more illuminating than the polished anecdotes of the French salon. Better days dawned with the awakening of interest in the Barbizon and impressionist schools, as regarded modern paintings. In the meantime such contacts as we had with the Old Masters were largely toward eighteenth-century French and English portraiture. We had some discerning collectors in those days, like Mr. Marquand and Mr. and Mrs. Havemeyer, in New York, and Mr. J. G. Johnson, in Philadelphia. But still the Italian adventure, if we may so describe it, was delayed, due in part to slowness in the growth of taste here, and, even more, to conditions in Europe. The present writer can well remember repeatedly alluding in these columns, years ago, to Italian art as conclusively a 'fountain sealed' to the American collector. All the Renaissance masterpieces that were not lodged in the great public galleries abroad were in private houses whose doors seemed equally impregnable. In Italy itself the Pacca Edict was passed, to obstruct the exportation of any work of art that through its artistic and historical value possest the status of a national asset. Where are those plaints of ours now?
>
> "Economic pressure set in on the other side. Treasures in collections elsewhere than in Italy followed into the market. The Havemeyers got their beautiful Bronzino to keep company with their Rembrandts. Mrs. Gardner got the Titian 'Europa' to hang in Fenway Court, and noble things of Botticelli, Giorgione, Crivelli and others to hang with it. The war came and, after it, a kind of flood. When the Duveens held their memorable exhibition in 1924, bringing together from various collections the Italian things that had passed through their hands, the situation had obviously suffered a drastic change. Then in 1927 Sir Joseph brought over from London the Benson collection of 120 Italian paintings, which he had bought en bloc. Six or seven of these, by the way, are now back for a temporary stay at Burlington House. They will wake poignant memories among British commentators, as will pictures like the Broughton-Knight Mantegna, now lent by Mr. Clarence Mackay. But they will tell only in part the story of a portentous migration. There are literally scores of old Italian masterpieces in America today, including, among those which have not gone to London, some of the finest things in the world. There is, for example, the supreme Bellini-Titian 'Bacchanale' in the Widener collection. There is the majestic 'Tarquin and the Sibyl' of Mantegna, in the Emery collection, at the Cincinnati Museum. We have Italian gems enough to fill a wing of the Louvre. And just how dazzling that would be may be judged from what has actually been sent to Burlington House. By itself the group would make a small but glittering Salon Carré."

Mr. Cortissoz remarks that the portraits lent by American owners are such as to pass right into the forefront of the Italian exhibition:

> "Will there be anything there to surpass as a souvenir of the golden age of Florentine portraiture, Mr. Morgan's 'Giovanna Tournabuoni,' perhaps the most purely adorable of all the works of Ghirlandajo? It is almost Leonardesque in its beauty. Leonardo, to be sure, would have made it subtler, would have left upon it the bloom of a more miraculously sensitive touch, but even he could not have beaten the felicity of the design, and he would have nodded his Olympian head in approval of the linear distinction this portrait possesses. Ghirlandajo draws very close to Leonardo, too, in his treatment of his sitter's lovely hair. Another exquisite study of Renaissance femininity goes to London in Mr. Brixey's Lorenzo di Credi, the 'Portrait of a Florentine Lady,' which has a landscape background doubling its interest as a composition. With these portraits of women goes the 'Portrait of a Young Man' from Mr. Mackay's collection, which Berenson has called the most Botticellian of all Botticellis. One does not know which is the more alluring in this triumph of interpretation and craftsmanship, the youthful head or the marvelously drawn hand across the sitter's chest. It is a subjective

piece of painting, brimming over, as Berenson's mot indicates, with the very soul of Botticelli.

"There is a work akin to it in tenderness, in human sentiment all interpenetrated by the spirit of a master, in the 'Portrait of a Youth,' by Boltraffio, which goes from the collection of Mr. Ralph H. Booth, of Detroit. We have an idea that this will prove one of the outstanding episodes in the show. Boltraffio was one of the most endearing painters in that Milanaise circle which carried on the tradition of Leonardo. He succeeded especially in capturing a modicum of its curious sweetness, a sweetness that never lapsed into sentimentality, and this portrait beautifully illustrates his searching art. Two portraits of a monumental order belong to the group. One is the sumptuous 'Maximilian Sforza, Duke of Milan,' painted by Bartolommeo Veneto, which is lent by Mr. Henry Goldman, and the other is the 'Giuliano de' Medici, Duke of Nemours,' lent by Mr. J. S. Bache, which adds the potent name of Raffael to the company. Both these portraits are in the stateliest mood of the Renaissance, the subjects grandly conceived, their heads set against formal backgrounds, their whole carriage and demeanor expressive of the masculine splendor of the epoch. Finally in portraiture comes another example lent by Mr. Morgan, an 'Ambassador to the Court of Venice,' painted by Tintoretto."



By courtesy of Sir Joseph Duveen

"MOST ADORABLE OF THE WORKS OF GHIRLANDAJO"

Is this portrait of Giovanna Tournabuoni, lent by J. P. Morgan to the London Exhibition of Italian Art.

Devotional pieces and classical subjects are also among the American loans, but lack of space forbids more detailed mention.

"WHAT'S A GOOD PLAY TO SEE?"

WINTER VACATIONISTS IN NEW YORK have a serious problem to solve. How to manage the sixty or more theaters and movie houses in a two-weeks' interval?

Of the worth-while plays the critics are accustomed to make a periodical appraisement. Just now the field seems to be enriched, so that something is on hand to compete with the left-overs of last year—"Journey's End," "Street Scene," and "Bird in Hand." Relying on the New York *Evening Post's* list compiled by its critic, John Mason Brown, we have these, a list, however, that omits "Death Takes a Holiday" that has been selected as the "play choice" of the "Play of the Month." Mr. Brown, in a second article, sticks to his original unfavorable report, but gives space to the opinions of the approving side, which is becoming rather formidable. Thus his list:

"Martin Flavin's sternly effective indictment of prison and court-room justice, 'The Criminal Code,' and John L. Balderston's 'Berkeley Square,' a fantasy based on an engaging idea and superlatively well played by Leslie Howard, are also even now among the most interesting of the plays that the winter has disclosed. And Eva Le Gallienne's production of Chekhov's 'The Sea Gull' still stands out as one of the highlights of the year.

"There, however, the old list—and the old order—changes, and the productions of the last month in particular begin to make their own strong demands for inclusion.

"It has been a month in which the Russian drama has played a large and distinguished part; a month, incidentally, which has found the dramas of Red and Imperial Russia represented side by side.

"Each of the three Russian scripts that have recently reached New York production—'Red Rust,' 'At the Bottom,' and 'The Three Sisters'—have decided merits to recommend them: 'Red Rust' for the vivid picture it paints of contemporary life in Moscow, for the extraordinary capacity it reveals for fact-facing and self-criticism among the Soviets, and because of the vigorous production it has been given by Herbert J. Biberman; 'At the Bottom' (Maxim Gorki's 'The Lower Depths' or 'Night's Lodging'), in spite of its translation and because of Leo Bulgakov's sensitive direction and the capable manner in which his Associates perform it as an ensemble; and—as an alternate for any one of these Russian drama—'The Three Sisters,' at the American Laboratory Theater, because it is an intelligent, if not fully realized production of Chekhov's extraordinary play, but mainly because it includes a performance by Maria Germanova that is one of the most luminous pieces of acting this town has seen in several seasons.

"On the same list must go 'The First Mrs. Fraser,' a slight comedy on a familiar theme which St. John Ervine has restated with a charming felicity, and which is acted with the same charm and the same felicity by A. E. Matthews, Lawrence Grossmith, and Grace George; 'Meteor,' S. N. Behrman's uneven but engrossing study of an egotist, which finds Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne at their best, playing together with a generosity—and a skill—that is unmatched in this country; and, finally, Edwin Justus Mayer's 'Children of Darkness,' a sophisticated and conscienceless high comedy, written in the sonorous cadences of eighteenth-century English and concerned with a company of rogues in Newgate Prison, in which Mary Ellis and Basil Sydney head an excellent cast.

"Among the musical comedies and 'operettes' which this department most emphatically recommends are 'Bitter Sweet,' 'Sons o' Guns,' 'Strike up the Band,' 'Fifty Million Frenchmen,' and 'Sweet Adeline.'

"At the Comedy Theater these nights—except on Mondays and Thursdays—is a unique production of a kind and quality which especially recommends itself to lists of special recommendations. In short, Ruth Draper and that rare sort of theater she provides, which is so exclusively her own."

THE COVER—We have come to the period of Lincoln on the Ferris series of paintings. We see Lincoln, on a platform in front of Independence Hall, with a flag halyard in his hand. The occasion, his speech of February 22, 1861, is best reflected in his own words:

"I have often pondered over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here and framed and adopted the

Declaration of Independence. . . . I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this confederacy so long together. . . . It was that which gave promise that in due time the weight would be lifted from the shoulders of all men and that all should have an equal chance. . . . Now, my friends, can this country be saved upon that basis? If it can, I shall consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. . . . But if this country can not be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say that I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it."

HOW MANY WORDS CAN YOU USE?

THE ARAB IS SAID TO HAVE hundreds of words for a camel. For how many words do we let "yeah" do service?

Our vocabulary may be larger than an observer with a pad and pencil can detect. In 1860 Prof. Max Müller of Oxford said in one of his lectures that certain farmers of an English parish were conversant with no more than three hundred words. To-day we can easily disprove the claims of such a statement, says Dr. Karl Lokotsch in the *Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung*, who has gathered up some curious facts about the volubility of peoples—American, European, and Asian.

He first deals with the statement of Max Müller:

"In order to disprove such a theory, one need do nothing else than to put down all of the words used by a certain person during a given period.

"An American, Mrs. Winfield S. Hall, wrote down every word that her young son uttered from the first moment that he began to speak. At the age of seventeen months the child had used 232 different words, which was increased to 2,688 at the age of six. Naturally we must accept this as the minimum figure, for there can be no doubt that certain words must have escaped the mother and the nurse who kept careful book of the child's speech. Similar observations were made by the German philologist, Wundt. His experiments showed that a two-year-old girl had 489 words at her command, whereas another girl of the same age had used as many as 1,128.

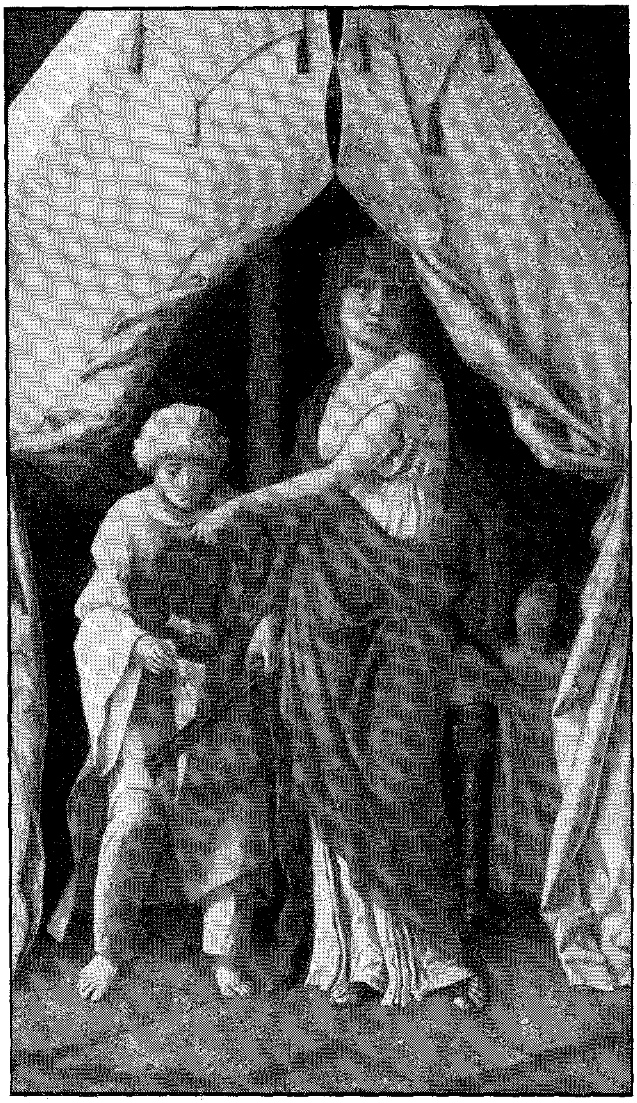
"Is it credible, therefore, that the speaking facilities of even the simplest grown-up could be so markedly less than that of a two-year-old girl or but a small percentage of a six-year-old boy? In going through the list of words which Mrs. Hall collected, one soon notices that no farmer could do with so sparse a vocabulary. Nowadays the daily usage of words among farmers is not as limited. Indeed, the many expressions employed to denote agricultural implements and agricultural functions, which are entirely unknown to city folk, reaches a large total. The attendance at school for a period of eight years, the reading of newspapers and magazines, 'listening in' on the radio, enlarges the conception and, consequently, the vocabulary, of the average person. It is certainly not too high an estimate if we fix the maximum figure of words used at ten thousand and take the same figure as the minimum of words known by our contemporaries of average education."

But what is the case of the so-called educated person?

"An indication of our present-day culture is the reading of literature.

"It will therefore not astonish us to learn that the vocabulary of the educated person in Europe and America is far greater than that of his forefathers. To determine a certain standard, Prof. E. S. Holden checked all of the words which he knew in Webster's Dictionary. Upon counting them, they totaled 33,456. The results of Mr. E. H. Babbitt were even more surprizing. In a number of experiments made with his students, the totals were not only higher than Babbitt had anticipated, but, what is more, the difference in figures given by the students varies by less than 20 per cent. The majority of the students knew no less than 60,000 words. Other persons, without college education, who on the other hand were regular readers of magazines, weeklies, and newspapers, achieved a total from 25,000 to 35,000, and a few individuals among them 50,000 words.

"Of course we must differentiate between the knowing and the use of words just as we may differentiate between the speaking and the writing of words. No matter how great the sum of the words may be, even the most educated person when speaking or writing uses but a small percentage. The smallest percentage is probably in the writing of words, for there are many expressions such as 'whoopee,' 'blues,' 'O.K.,' 'swell,' and other pariahs of the language, which are never used in writing. This explains why even the most prolific writers make use of a smaller number of words in their works than the result of experiments would lead us to believe. The 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey' together contain but 9,000 different words; Shakespeare, whose vocabulary was very rich, has some 20,000 words, a sum as yet unreached by any other writer. Unfortunately, word counts have never been made for Dickens or Zola, whose novels ofttimes seem to be lexicographical dissertations. The same is true of German poets such as Goethe and Rueckert."


By courtesy of Sir Joseph Duveen

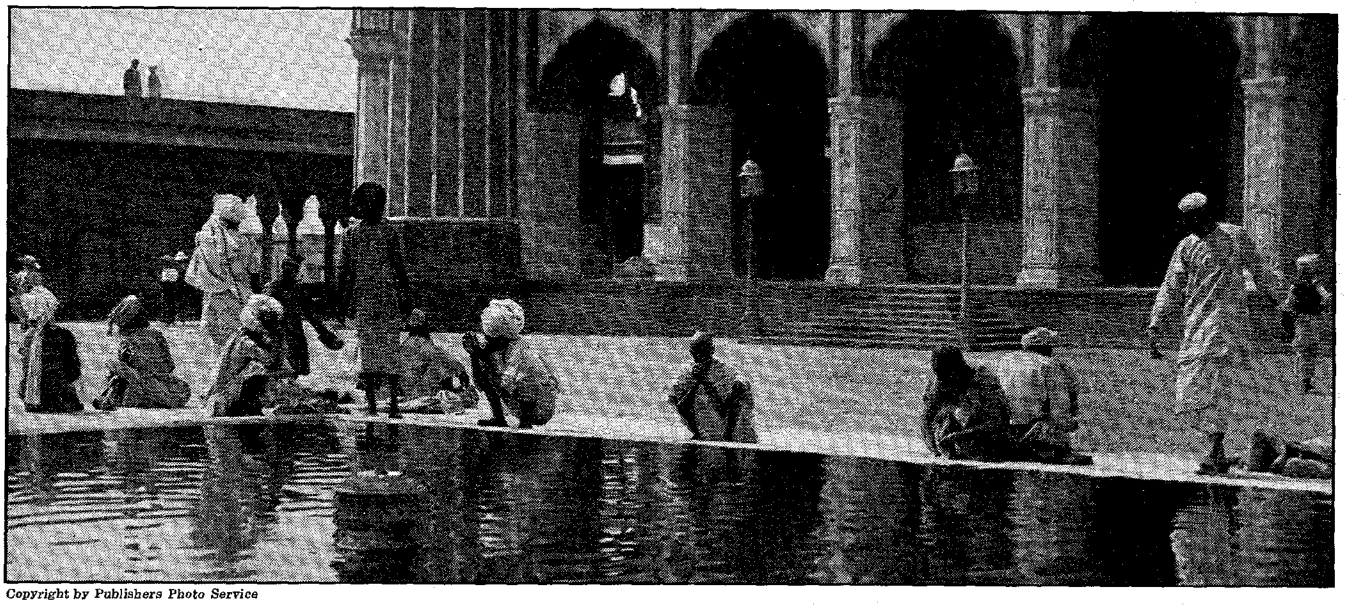
"JUDITH AT THE TENT OF HOLOFERNES"

Joseph E. Widener of Philadelphia sends this notable canvas by Andrea Mantegna to the great London Exhibition of Italian Art.

Members of the European cultured races lean to the opinion that their languages have the largest vocabulary, and that they make use of the greatest number of words in their speech. The writer disputes this:

"People whom we call primitive often have an astonishing vocabulary at their command. Some of the American languages are only partially known to us, yet a dictionary of the Mexican Aztec language, dated 1550, already contained 13,000 words. An explorer counted some 30,000 words used by the Yaagans, a race that knows neither coats nor trousers. We may really call the vocabulary of the Arabs 'fabulous': They have hundreds of words for the camel, five hundred for the lion, and a thousand for the sword. One may imagine how extensive and inclusive an Arabian dictionary must be, when credible reports tell us that orators of different Arabian tribes have competed for an entire day without twice using the same word."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE



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CAN CHRIST REPLACE MOHAMMED HERE?

"The overthrow of the Califate has shaken Islam to its foundations," and religion itself is now subject to question. The social and political unrest leaves the way open for a reawakened missionary enterprise "to arouse Moslems to the value of spiritual realities." The photograph shows Mohammedans at prayer in the courtyard of the Jumna Masjid, at Delhi, India, the largest mosque in the world.

ISLAM AT WAR WITH ITSELF

A HAIR OF MOHAMMED'S BEARD does not excite such reverence in Islam to-day as it did some years ago. To-day, we are told, Mohammed is regarded merely as a prophet, and a prophet of the seventh-century Arabian desert at that. An amazing change has come about; the Moslem mind is completely dissatisfied with the ancient faith in its accepted form; Islam is no longer held to have a place in modern community life. In fact, Islam is at war with itself, and, undermined to an extent by Bolshevism and by the impact of Western modernism, it is questioning not only its own worth but the worth of all religion. So two writers, both long familiar with the Near East, and particularly with Islam, inform us, and both agree that the problem of Islam is the opportunity of Christianity, of a reawakened missionary enterprise.

The Moslem peoples, writes Prof. Lootfy Levonian in *The International Review of Missions* (London), have awakened to great national aspirations. The idea of nationalism has captured Moslems all over the world, and has moved them deeply, profoundly affecting their political, social, and religious ideas. Professor Levonian, who holds the chair of the School of Religion at Athens, formerly situated at Constantinople, goes on to tell us:

> "A Christian statesman and leader in Egypt, after visiting India recently, wrote in a private letter: 'In my six weeks' visit to all parts of India I was conscious that the shock to Islam of the overthrow of the Califate in Turkey had shaken Islam to its foundations. The percussion, I am certain, is felt in all those circles capable of thought in Egypt.' In a later letter he wrote again: 'I have just returned from India and Australia. In India Islam has received a great shock; about that there is no doubt. Educated Moslems frankly admit that their religion is purely political; nationalism, pride of race and a mistaken idea that our Lord was a Westerner are the chief obstacles to the acceptance of Christianity.' And another observer writes from Java: 'Everywhere the nationalistic, cultural, political, and racial consciousness is awakening to life. A new generation is growing up with a new outlook on life, heading for new goals.'
>
> "The country where these changes seem to be taking place most rapidly is Turkey. Turkey is a hotbed of new ideas in Islam to-day. Leaving aside statements of individualistic character, and taking an all-round view of the ideas exprest by the Turkish leaders, one can fairly say that in the Turkish mind Islam to-day has lost its primary importance as a vital part of the national life. So far Islam has been considered as basic and fundamental, giving motive powers to all other activities. Now the national sentiment is considered as primary, and Islam as of secondary importance. In no period of Islamic history have Islam and Mohammed undergone such serious criticism as during the last ten years in Turkey.
>
> "But the movement does not remain there; it has spread wider than a mere reconsideration of Islam. It has begun to deal with religion itself, to question its essence and origin, and especially its value for life. 'What is religion and its essence? Has religion any meaning and place in society? Has it anything to do with life in general?' are burning questions in the Moslem mind in Turkey to-day. To these questions the present tendency seems to be to give the answer of pure positivism; on the one hand denying the meaning and place of religion in social life, and, on the other, appealing to science to fill up the gap left by the elimination of religion. No names are so familiar in Turkish thinking circles to-day as those of Durkheim, Frazer, Bergson, and Betrand Russell. Religion is considered merely as a social product, without any objective basis, molding itself always according to the influence of the environment, and always liable to change. 'There is no absolute truth in religion,' seems to be the opinion, 'therefore it is not reliable.'"

Quotations from Turkish writers in support of this opinion are given by Professor Levonian, and he says the reaction upon missionary activities is evident. "These thinkers," he reports, "say in effect to the missionary: 'Give us everything you can give of Western science, art and life, but keep your religion; we do not want it; we do not need it; our religion is as good as yours for our present purpose; do not trouble us with your Christ.'" The Moslem mind has been crusht under the rigidity of the old Islamic faith for many centuries, says Professor Levonian, and "the misfortune of Islam is that it juggles with the idea of right and wrong; it deals lightly with conscience." Articles in the public print are taken up with the scientific and philosophic view-point of what is good or moral, and what is not; the judgments of religion are held to be sufficient only for the ignorant, and even these will pass as enlightenment extends. And, writes Professor Levonian:

> "If the chief motive of Christian missions were merely to enrich the minds of Moslem peoples with new knowledge, it would not be worth the trouble and the sacrifice. But their purpose is much greater. It is to arouse Moslems to the value of spiritual realities; to turn their eyes from things which are merely temporal to the things which are eternal; to help them to see the things which have intrinsic values and not to be occupied with merely utilitarian ends; to stimulate their moral sense to realize the everlasting difference between right and wrong, justice and injustice, purity and impurity; to call them to repentance; to stimulate them to rise up to the spiritual measure of true manhood and womanhood."

AS HE WALKED WITH US

By Harry Webb Farrington

STRONG, calm, and gentle Man of Galilee,
Whose heart by every human wo is stirred;
By whom are plaintive cries of creatures heard;
Whose eye escapes no tracery of tree,
Or modest wayside flower; alert to see
The fantasy of cloud, the flight of bird;
Whose ear can catch the faintest note and word
Of wind and stream, and distant western sea;
When I am treading on the open space,
Or threading slowly through the crowded marts,
Skilled Craftsman of the woods and market-place,
Companion to all life and human hearts,
I crave, Thou unseen understanding guide,
To find Thee, silent, walking by my side.

—*The Homiletic Review, New York.*

Copyright by Harry Webb Farrington.

Another observer of the great upheaval in the Moslem world is Dr. S. M. Zwemer, professor of missions at Princeton Seminary, editor of *The Moslem World* and an eminent authority on Islam. In an article in *The Presbyterian Magazine*, which, by the way, is celebrating 125 years of continuous publication, Dr. Zwemer tells us that "new movements—economic, social, intellectual, spiritual—are stirring everywhere. The currents run counter to each other, and with terrific force." As he sees it:

> "Zionism, Bolshevism, commercialism, nationalism, imperialism, all have their own interests, centering in the undeveloped Moslem Near East. Each is a disintegrating factor in the old world of thought and life. Turkey is turning her back on the past, and is trampling on traditions that had the sanctity of age and religion. The cry of the reactionaries is 'Back to the Koran and Mohammed!' The problem of the progressives is to get as far away from both as is decent and safe. The unity of the Moslem problem is nowhere seen more clearly than in the struggle of the old and the new in the womb of a new day. It is similar in all lands from Java to Morocco."

Reference is made to the rise of new sects, the Babi-Behai movement in Persia, the Ahmadi sects in India, and to the recrudescence of old sects, the Wahabis, or the Ikhwan of Arabia, and the struggle they portend; to the educational revival, the renaissance of Arabic as a world language, the Feminist movement, and the rise of Moslem journalism, all indicative of the great change. Politically, the Moslem world is in a state of instability, and—

> "Social unrest is found everywhere.
>
> "It concerns itself not only with such obvious matters as Western dress and head-gear, the calendar, banking, the cinema, and theater, but with far deeper issues. Can Islam outlive the impact of Western civilization and Christian missions? Feminism and Bolshevism are the foci in the great ellipse of agitation. The rights of womanhood and the rights of the proletariat have found powerful advocates. The press of Persia, of Afghanistan, that of Central Asia, and of India are directly or indirectly deeply influenced from Moscow. Karl Marx on 'Das Kapital' has been translated into the languages of the Near East. Radical socialism is the philosophy of not a few of the intellectuals. According to one recent French book by a Moslem, the Koran teaches Communism.
>
> "Lastly, there is a new attitude toward Christ and Christianity. That attitude was, on the one hand, never so sympathetic and so responsive, but, on the other hand, never so critical and hostile. The educated classes, both of the old and the new schools of thought, have discovered in the literature of the West new weapons against Christ and his Gospel, and they are using them ruthlessly. Eighteenth-century Deism and the destructive criticism of the past decades are doing duty against the Gospel. In this respect the situation is entirely new. The old Islam honored Jesus Christ as a great prophet, and altho it denied His deity and atoning death, it acknowledged His sinless and Virgin Birth. The new Islam denies the sinlessness of Jesus, mocks at the Virgin Birth and offers proof from the writings of infidels and liberals that the Bible is a tissue of fables and myths. It is painful to read the articles written on these subjects by men who, in some cases, are graduates of Christian colleges. The Ahmadiya press of Woking, Quadian and Lahore broadcasts this sort of Mohammedan apologetic. Two books alleging that Christianity owes all its peculiar doctrines to Buddhism appeared from the press in Alexandria, Egypt, this year."

However, there are signs of a religious restlessness and a spiritual hunger, finds Dr. Zwemer, and he tells us:

> "The ethical standards of Christ are openly approved by those who at the same time apply the acid test of His Gospel teaching to Western ethics and Western civilization. The circulation of Scriptures steadily increasing every year, the output of Christian literature in all Moslem languages, the attendance of ten thousand of Moslem children in mission schools, the Christian home with its silent but persuasive influence—all these have created a new atmosphere that calls for a new apologetic.
>
> "Christ alone comes to fulfil all their intellectual gropings and heart-hunger. He alone is sufficient. And this is being increasingly felt across the new world of Islam. In Persia and in Egypt the indigenous churches are alive to this fact, and here is the hope for the day of a great harvest."

FOR THOSE WHO MAY GO TO JAIL—"How to be happy tho in jail"—that was the subject of an address delivered recently by Carl Haessler before the Brookwood Labor College, an institution which prepares talented young men and women for leadership in the organized-labor movement.

According to *The Christian Century* (Undenominational), Mr. Haessler, who is managing editor of the Federated Press, based his lecture on actual experience. He did serve a term in prison, and he managed to make the best of it. During the war, we are told, he was a conscientious objector, and as such spent twenty-six months in nine Federal prisons. Before that, as a doctor of philosophy from the University of Wisconsin, he taught at the University of Illinois, and we read on:

> "His speech, as reported, consisted largely of practical suggestions for reducing the discomfort of existence inside prison walls, for keeping alive the prisoner's sense of humor and his intellectual interests, and for carrying on labor agitation among other prisoners. The interesting fact in connection with such a speech is, of course, that the Brookwood students regarded it as a valuable preparation for their future careers. These young men and women take it for granted that their efforts to secure a more equitable industrial order will, sooner or later, land them in jail. They want to know how to act in prison, just as students for the ministry sometimes ask for instructions in the etiquette of weddings, funerals, and Kiwanis luncheons. Which suggests the reflection that a certain inertness might speedily be eliminated from the churches if the time should ever come when lectures on adaptation to prison life become a normal part of the instruction in theological seminaries."

THE RACIAL MENACE IN SOUTH AFRICA

THE NATIVE AFRICAN is the most patient of all people, but imposing white civilization on him, says Gen. Jan Christian Smuts, former Premier of South Africa, can only result in bolshevizing him and making him a menace to the rest of the world.

And from another source comes word that this is actually taking place. In an address before the Natal Missionary Conference, quoted in *The South Africa Outlook*, Ray E. Phillips declares that a large number of native South Africans are becoming communistically minded, and are increasingly feeling that the wrongs done to them by the white man can not be righted by peaceful means alone. They are rapidly losing their faith in the Government, says Mr. Phillips, who is a missionary of the American Board, specializing in Christian social service work in South African industrial centers. "They feel that the missionary has betrayed them, or at least stood silently by while the unscrupulous white man has grabbed their land and driven them to work; they see the wide discrepancies in wages paid white and black workers for the same work; they see the utter cant and hypocrisy in the liquor laws, which grant to the white man unlimited rights, and prohibit liquor to the natives in towns."

All down the line, especially in the economic field, says this worker, the native feels that he is being unjustly discriminated against by the white invader. "Rebellion and revolt are not natural to the native people. They hesitate to join formally an organization such as the Communist party. But," the missionary warns, "the general attitude which the Communists stand for is growing and is becoming increasingly vocal." He gives us this vivid picture:

> "Attend a meeting of natives held on the Market Square, Johannesburg. Perhaps a thousand native men are present. The speaker is a young native man, who speaks perfect English. Through interpreters he enumerates the wrongs of his race in South Africa. He attacks the employers and the Government, mentions the low wages and the color bar. Then he pours scorn on the missionary and the clergyman—white and black. 'Comrades,' he cries, 'we must kick out the missionary and the clergyman. I know, because my father is a . . . clergyman. I know what I am talking about. What is the missionary doing for us? Nothing! He educates us and leaves us to starve! He points up to the sky and tells us, by and by, after you're dead, you'll have enough to eat and fine clothes to wear! That's not good enough for us! We want food to eat and clothes to wear to-day! Am I right?'
>
> "Back comes a thunderous response, 'Right you are!' 'Then kick out the missionary and the missionary's God.'"

"Are you happy?" asks a white speaker at another meeting, says Mr. Phillips. "Have you got all the freedom that you want?" "No," comes the answer. "We are not happy!"

"Well," says the speaker, "if you will do what the Russian workers have done, and what the Chinese workers are doing, you will be able to secure freedom. We have got to be prepared, not merely with demonstrations, but also, if it proves to be necessary, with far more drastic action. Build up your organizations so that you can take possession of this country."

The only man in South Africa who has taken the time and energy to look carefully into the native economic situation, with its accompanying social effects, observes *The Congregationalist*, is Dr. Henderson, and he states that "the situation is anxious, and there are some who fear it is passing out of our control." And so *The Congregationalist* asks:

> "Shall the next few years witness the wholesale desertion of the Christian Church by the native people? Shall they be forced to join the Communists, or similar organizations, to find that understanding of their great human needs, that practise of brotherhood, which they have heard so much of and seen so little practical evidence of in the Christian Church? If this occurs, a suitable epitaph to be placed over the grave of the institution which called itself the Christian Church might be the despairing words of Christ—'They said, but did not!'"

General Smuts, to return to him, would leave the native African to his own system. In speaking in New York recently on racial problems in Africa, he maintained it is wrong to make "an inferior European" of a native who is justly proud of being an African. As quoted in the New York *Times*, General Smuts went on:

> "There is a great deal of good in the African culture and system. For one thing, the African is a Socialist. All land is owned in common, as are most of the cattle, and each tribe is run by a council of elders and a chief. If you try to break down this system, it is very easy to do so, but it is impossible to substitute a European or any other system in its stead. By doing so you bolshevize the most docile being on the face of the earth, the African negro, and you make him a menace to the rest of the world.
>
> "Why should we standardize humanity? That may be a fine thing in the United States. You want to make a great nation, and you are succeeding; but you can not do that with the human race. In Africa you must build on the African foundation. It has been created in hundreds and thousands of years, and I have a very high respect for any system of time, as I have for all natural facts. Let there be differences in type as long as they are ethically sound.
>
> "Leave them their villages, their dancing and their songs. In the past we have gone astray in South Africa. There have been misguided efforts on behalf of governments and missionaries, altho I do not in the least wish to condemn the latter, with whom I heartily sympathize, and we now have perhaps millions of Negroes who have lost their native contacts, and no longer belong to their old tribes.
>
> "Our system is individualism; theirs is socialism. The result of trying to Europeanize them has caused so many to be lost to their own people."

Any change in the African cultural system, General Smuts warns, should be made without violence. He advises that the native laborers in the copper mines of Rhodesia, and other parts, be not allowed to take their womenfolk and children with them. "Let them remain in their tribal areas," he urges. "Do not bring them to be contaminated by white civilization, which, after all, is perhaps only an experiment. When we reflect a little on our own foibles, our wars, our tremendous losses of human lives, it may not be so fine. At any rate, the black soon learns the vices of white civilization, and they soon degrade him."

THE DEAD UNITING THE LIVING.—Leaving their differences at home, a Methodist and a Universalist joined services recently to conduct the funeral of a Lutheran, which goes to show, we are told, that sectarian barriers are crumbling under the advance of Christian tolerance.

Here is the story, a brief bit culled from *The Christian Leader* (Universalist):

> "A leading business man in an up-State New York town died. All business places were closed at the hour of his funeral. This business man was a pillar in the Lutheran church, but the Lutherans temporarily were without a pastor, and so the funeral services were conducted by the pastor of the local Methodist church, and a Universalist at his old home for Christmas.
>
> "At the close of the services the dean of the business men of the town, now past eighty, spoke as follows to a group of his associates: 'Some folks think that the world does not move. But look at what happened here to-day. Fifty years ago, twenty-five years ago, even ten years ago, a family like this under these circumstances would have sent to Pennsylvania or New Jersey to find a Lutheran minister to conduct the service. Now they take a neighbor who is a Methodist and an old friend who is a Universalist. There is more tolerance and real Christianity to-day than there was ten years ago.'
>
> "'Yes,' said the Universalist, 'and I can remember in my boyhood that my grandfather's family twice sent to New Jersey for a minister to conduct a funeral. They were Dutch Reformed, and there were Dutch Reformed ministers near by, but they had to have the "True Dutch Reformed."'
>
> "Against this advance of liberalism, tolerance, sympathy, understanding, sectarianism, 'Universalist,' or otherwise, is as helpless as was King Canute to stay the advance of the waves."

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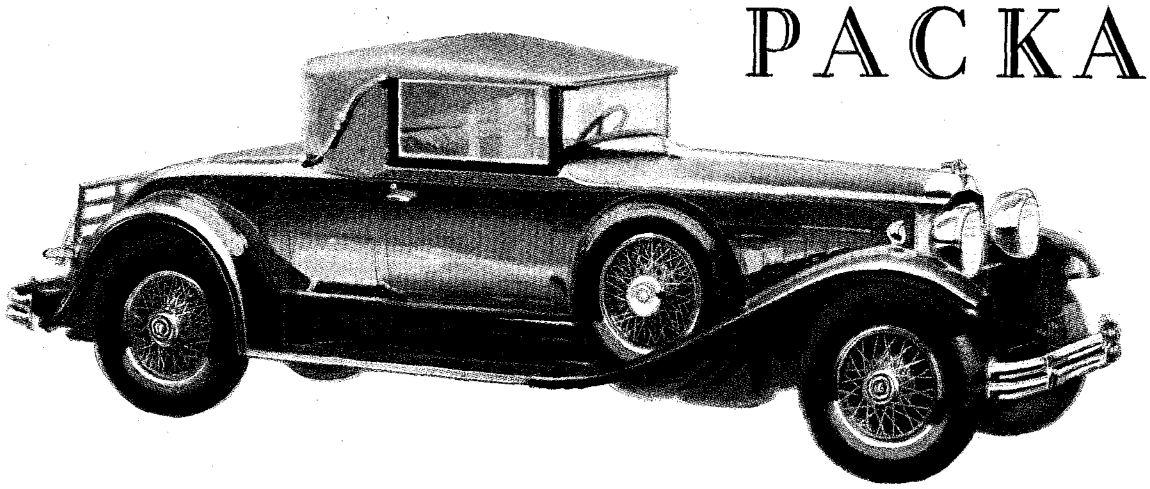

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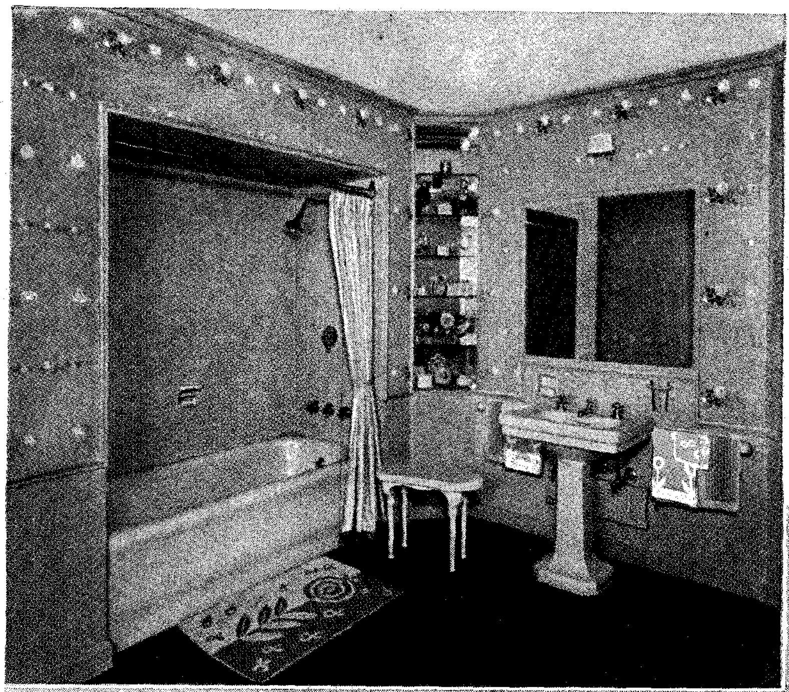

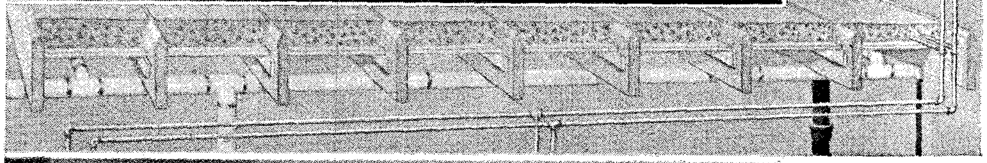

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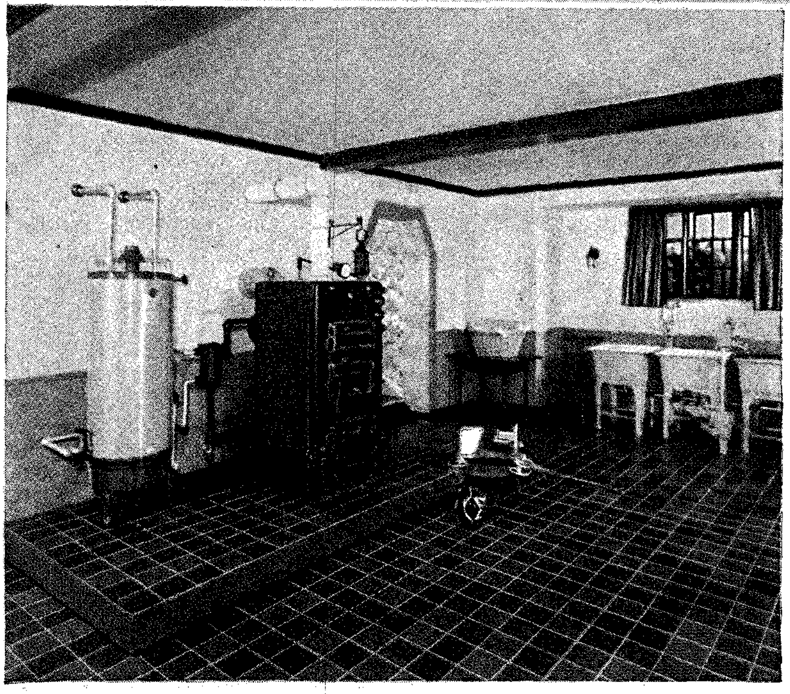

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THE WORLD'S CHAMPION SLOW-BREATHER

A PHYSIOLOGICAL celebrity, a young woman physiologist, who breathes only three to five times a minute, has been the object of great scientific interest and public curiosity during the Carnegie Institution of Washington's annual exhibition of scientific work as reported in *Science* (New York).

The average adult breathes fifteen to eighteen times a minute, and the extremely slow normal breathing of the young woman, now an assistant in physiology in Goucher College, Baltimore, is considered by Dr. Francis G. Benedict, of the Carnegie Institution's Nutrition Laboratory at Boston, to be absolutely unique. We read:

Not even ill patients in hospitals who exhale and inhale ten times a minute approach the usual rate of respiration of this physiologist, who while willing to aid science by studying the cause of her singular ability, and demonstrating it to the public, desires to remain anonymous.

Her unique rate of respiration was discovered about five years ago, when as a student of physiology at Mount Holyoke she noted that she did not breathe as fast as her fellow students. The phenomenon came to the attention of Dr. Benedict, and in lecturing to 70,000 physicians in twenty cities of Europe he tried to find a similar case. A thorough search of scientific literature was also made, but no other instance of such slow breathing has been found.

The depth of the breathing is greater than normal. She inhales three pints of air at a time, whereas ordinary people take in and let out only one pint. Her lung capacity, however, is normal, and not larger than that of the average person.

If she were a singer, she would be able to hold her notes a phenomenally long time. Dr. Benedict has urged her to attempt singing as an experiment, but her interests lie in the field of scientific research rather than in music. If she were a sprinter, which she is not, she would probably be able to run 200 yards on a single breath, whereas the ordinary runner completes a hundred-yard-dash in one intake of air.

In the demonstration, the young physiologist wears a special form of respiration mask, like an inverted bucket, which fits over the head. A rubber collar closes the open end, while a celluloid window permits her to see what is going on about her. Air enters through a tube at the top and is sucked out through a tube at the side by means of a small electric blower. The exhaust air is drawn through chemicals to absorb the carbon dioxid breathed out of the lungs. After being thus purified, the air goes back to the mask and is breathed over again. A collapsible cylinder, like a city gas-tank, goes up and down as the subject breathes out and in, while a pen attached to it writes a permanent record of the breathing volume on a revolving paper cylinder.

As the substance of the body burns to produce heat, oxygen is changed into carbon dioxid, and so the volume of air in the apparatus is gradually reduced. For every liter of oxygen that is used, about five calories or heat units are produced. Therefore by measuring the rate at which oxygen is used up, the heat produced by the subject can be measured.

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CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

THIS man claims no impossible ideals to crown the English. His "Thus we are and you be damned" is quite refreshing. Printed in *The London Mercury:*

THE ENGLISH

By Colin D. B. Ellis

When all our prides and pomps are past,
When Fortune sets her face to frown,
And England is allowed at last
To lay the White Man's Jingo down,

Whether she acts, in alien rout,
Byzantium's agony again
Or lingers through the long-drawn-out
Decayed gentility of Spain,

Or breaks as brittle Athens broke,
Or riots into Rome's decay,
Or bows her neck beneath the yoke
In some more subtle, modern way,

We shall not know, we cannot care,
In casual graves or quiet vaults,
If the report be false or fair
Of all our virtues and our faults.

But, when some don the desert digs
Where swarmed our cities long ago
And pedagogues rehearse to prigs
The tale of England's overthrow,

If any, in that after time,
Enquire what made those merchants great,
Let them be told of our sublime
Contempt for foreigners and fate.

The heroes of our Dunciad
Encamped where angels feared to tread
Till Envy ceased to call them mad
And dubbed them hypocrites instead.

While others in uneasy beds
Dreamed of the wars they dared not wage,
Their teeth a-chatter in their heads
Alternately with fear and rage,

The English, with their own affairs
Remained serenely occupied:
If all men's fate at last was theirs,
At least they lived before they died.

Without title, which we supply, the following is quoted by the Sydney *Bulletin* from Mr. Macartney's recent volume, "A Sweep of Lute Strings" (Galleon Press, Canterbury, Victoria, Australia):

SONG

By Frederick T. Macartney

I belong to nowhere—
Where do you belong?
Once I loved a lady
And put her in a song.
First we loved with laughter,
Then we loved with tears;
And that's the way a life goes—
Oh, the years, the years!

I'm for sun and sea-light.
Do you seek them, too?
If there's azure ever,
Then her eyes were blue.
Say there's precious glinting,
So her hair was gold,
Free the captive future,
For it's old now, old!

Love's a pretty poison.
Have you known it fail?
She and I are ghosts now,
Haunting an old tale.
Proud as thwarted marble,
Meek as mignonette.
Only the gods are happy:
Only gods forget!

Two tributes to seasonal birds—ours as well as England's—are found in the London *Spectator:*

THE CROW

By Kathleen E. Evetts

I know a willow tree, unpollarded, neglected,
Where sits a ruminative crow,
Who, in the grey canal below,
Hour after hour, perceives himself reflected.

Or does he watch the ewes, heavy with lamb, ungainly,
Nibble the sapless winter grass? . . . .
Or note the straggling heron pass?
No, I surmise he's introspective mainly.

Certain it is, the need for marital activity
Ceases to urge him, for a time,
To petty larceny and crime,
And leaves him in this state of strange passivity.

THE KINGFISHER

By Kathleen E. Evetts

The meadow lands are waterlogged to-day,
A monochrome of cold, metallic grey
Saddens the eyes.
Skeleton trees, with roots submerged in mud
Like masts of stranded ships, about the flood
Forlornly stand.
How bravely into this disconsolate scene
Flashes the turquoise blue and emerald sheen
Of Halcyon!
First silhouetted on a naked tree
He sits immobile; unbelievably
And madly blue.
Then, lest we censure him as overdrest,
He turns to show us his cornelian breast,
Before he darts
Along the swollen stream, a vivid streak,
His short wings whirring and his rapier beak
Stiffly outthrust.
Surely this little, lovely, vital thing
Is stolen from the pageant of the Spring,
Can he belong
To songless, sunless, uninspiring days,
And rattling, leafless boughs? To Heav'n give praise
He does! He does!

In *Interludes* (Baltimore) is this picture of souls in prison:

BALLAD OF BEDLAM HOUSE

By Chapman J. Milling

We hail from the hills and the coastal isles
And the fair broad plain between;
And behind the pall of the great stone wall
We dwell—the damned unseen.

Our clothes are of course grey homespun stuff,
Our feet are clumsily shod.
We eat the bread of the worse-than-dead;
The meat of the cursed-of-God.

Some of us sit the livelong day
With heads bowed low and sad;
And some of us laugh the empty laugh,
The raving mirth of the mad.

. . . .

Our world is not as the world beyond
The wall with the iron gate,
But a world apart, where with ashen heart
We endure the madman's fate.

Behind the massive wall of stone
We gibber and sigh and weep,
And long for the lot of the unbegot
Who dream not though they sleep.

But the reaper who reaps the brave and strong,
The goodman and the spouse,
Before he rests his well-worn scythe
Will reap at Bedlam House.

Broken and bent the reaper reaps
And will garner blighted grain;
And the madmen one by one return
To the hills, the isles and the plain:

To the rugged hills where the eagle soars
To the sunlit isles of the sea,
Away from the hell of an iron cell—
At home at last, and free.

Since we have Mr. Halliburton we might equally have this adventurer. The one here addrest in *Star Dust* (Washington, D. C.) may well be flattered:

I HAVE GONE SEEKING

By Verne Bright

I have gone seeking myriad-visaged gods
In Samarkand and the islands of the sea;
In wine-dark Thrace and the vales of Arcady;
In Nashipur where golden Buddha nods;
In the many-towered edifice of Fame;
Over the Mountains of the Moon where the blind wind beats
Through panther-haunted forests; down broken streets
Of jungle-strangled cities with no name.

Far beauty lured me . . . votive offering
I burnt within her fanes . . . the subtle grace
Of youthful fruits . . . But I have seen your face,
Your sun-bright hair, and I have heard your name—
All else is less than dust on the night-moth's wing—
You are all gods, all beauty, and all fame!

In *The English Review* (London) is this bit of mysticism:

GOLDEN SAND

By Edward Snelson

To me in shadows as I planned
New knowledge, heart afire,
There came a girl whose hair was fanned
By a strange wild desire.
Hiding her face, she took my hand
And gave me golden sand.

Curious, I took the grains, and felt
An instant sorcery.
"Measure no hours," said she, and knelt
To stay beside my knee.
But I must look at what she dealt,
And saw the last grain melt.

"You chill me like one from the dead,"
Said I: "lift up your face."
So with a sigh she raised her head.
Full of a troubling grace:
"Men call me Happiness," she said,
Looked one long look, and fled.

Here is the hint of adventure, and naturally we find it in *Adventure* (New York):

THE TRAVELER

By Lowe W. Wren

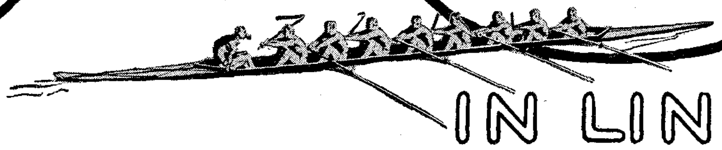
Heeding the storm, we shut the cabin tight.
Then in the wind and rain, we heard a shout
And drew the door that barred a traveler out,
Asking no questions, waving him the right
To enter and have shelter for the night.
And he would ask a bed, we had no doubt.
Yet there he stood still in the storm's wild rout,
Cupping a pipe, and only asked a light.

Whither he went, and why, there was no sign,
Except one found it in his smiling eyes.
Dripping and tall, his slicker all a-shine,
Blown off some course the lonely eagle flies.
Then, match to pipe, he left our fire and wine
Like one who loves the thunder of the skies.

DODGE BROTHERS

NEW

6 & 8



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NO IMPORTATION OF ANY quarantinable disease into this country occurred during the past year.

No cases of plague, cholera, yellow fever, or typhus fever arrived at quarantine stations in the United States, says a report on the activities of the U. S. Public Health Service in preventing the introduction of diseases from abroad, recently made by Surgeon-General H. S. Cumming. There were, however, ten instances during the year of bubonic plague occurring on vessels arriving at ports in foreign countries. The preventive measures applied by officers of the Service at foreign ports of departure are reflected in the small number of quarantinable diseases on vessels arriving at ports of the United States. We read in *The Health News* of the Service (Washington):

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PROTECTING AMERICA'S HEALTH
Immigrants being examined at Ellis Island.

"During the past year at domestic ports, 19,529 vessels, 933,035 passengers, and 1,134,906 seamen were inspected on arrival by quarantine officers. At foreign ports 5,401 vessels, 544,127 passengers, and 366,762 seamen were inspected prior to embarking for the United States. Of the passengers who embarked at European ports, 43,047 were vaccinated and 92,603 were deloused under the supervision of medical officers of the Service. Clothing and baggage of these passengers, amounting to 95,816 pieces, were inspected.

"The number of cases of cerebrospinal meningitis arriving at Pacific ports from the Orient increased so rapidly during the winter season of 1928–29 that the available facilities at the command of the local health authorities at San Francisco and Seattle became overburdened and, at the request of the local authorities, the Public Health Service extended the use of Federal quarantine stations to prevent its spread into the United States. By the early spring of 1929, the quarantine facilities of both the local and Federal health authorities were becoming overburdened, and the adoption of some other measures to prevent the spread of this disease into this country was necessary. The final result was the promulgation of an executive order under date of June 21, 1929, having for its purpose the restriction and supervision of the transportation of passengers from ports in China and the Philippines to the United States under regulations prepared by the Public Health Service.

"At domestic ports 973,974 alien passengers and 984,771 alien seamen were examined by medical officers under the immigration law. Of this number 24,939 passengers and 1,951 seamen were certified for various diseases and disabilities coming under this law. The more important causes of certification were trachoma, tuberculosis, insanity, feeble-mindedness, and venereal diseases.

"There has been no material change during the past year in the system of making medical examinations of applicants for immigration visas in their countries of origin. The many advantages of this system of examination of intending immigrants have been amply illustrated during the four years during which the plan has been in operation. The policy of making medical examinations, upon the request of the consul, of entire family units accompanying heads of families who intend to emigrate to the United States leaving the family behind, has done much to eliminate criticism of immigration enforcement on the ground that it causes separation of families, as the admissibility of the entire family is forecast before the head of the family departs for the United States.

"For the fiscal year recently ended, a total of 173,740 applicants for immigration visas were given medical examinations. Of the total number examined 17,847, or 10.3 per cent., were found to have mental or physical disabilities; 7,968, or 4.6 per cent. of the total examined, were refused visas for medical reasons. The effectiveness of this system of examination is evidenced by the fact that of the 165,772 aliens who had been given a preliminary examination abroad, and to whom visas had been issued, a total of only twenty-two were certified upon arrival at a United States port as being afflicted with a disease which resulted in mandatory deportation. The medical examination of aliens abroad is conducted in cooperation with the Department of State and the Department of Labor."

CHILDREN WHO TELL LIES

LYING AMONG CHILDREN is the subject of a methodical study by a woman physician, Dr. Buhler, attached to the Psychological Institute at Vienna, and reported in the French review, *La Pédiatrie*. Her interesting conclusions are summarized by a reviewer in *Comœdia* (Paris), whose article we translate below. He says:

"It appears from this investigation that 35 per cent. of children between six and fifteen years of age tell lies, and believe in their necessity. With children under five, there is no conscious falsehood, that is, there are no false statements made with intent to deceive; the inexactitudes frequently noticed among tots of this age are simply products of the creative imagination.

"From five to ten years the child generally lies from imitation, or to avoid punishment for some reproach from a playmate. In this last case, he begins, in fact, an apprenticeship to the 'white lie,' which he will often employ later in life, in society or business. At this period of his life, the child is imprest with the numerous advantages presented by the utilitarian falsehood, which he observes among adults, and in which he is often made an accomplice. He concludes, quite naturally, that a lie is of use in making existence easier.

"Beyond the age of eight there appears what may be called the pupilary lie. The schoolchild lies to his teacher to make his school life more agreeable. The type of lie in which a companion is accused as a means of self-defense is quite rare among children less than ten years old, and is generally a sign of lack of character. The teacher who discovers one of these defensive lies ought to carefully seek for its secret causes, and give his whole attention to developing a sense of responsibility in the young culprit.

"Dr. Buhler distinguishes three kinds of lies; the social lie, whose object is to assist some one else, the asocial lie, dictated by personal needs, tho without intention to harm any one else, and

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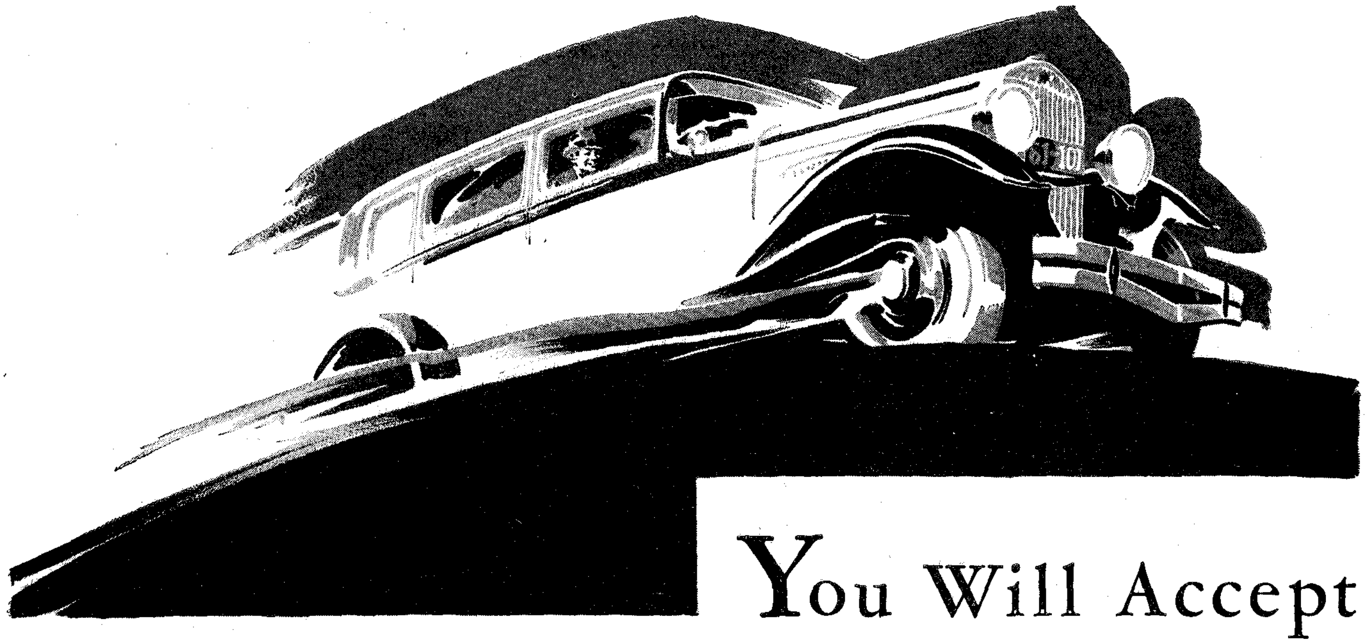

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the antisocial lie, inspired by self-interest without regard to the dangers to which it may expose others.

"The method indicated to combat falsehood is above all the personal example. The teacher ought also to try to inspire in the child a confidence that will be the best auxiliary to his task.

"The habit of falsehood is always in danger of becoming so inveterate that parents or teachers are confronted with a real mania, so rebellious to all correction, and so dangerous that it calls for the services of a specialist in pedagogical psychology."

WHY DOES THE BABY CRY?

WHEN THE BABY CRIES without visible cause, the parents become concerned, and the puzzling question arises: Is the child ill? Has he a pain which he can not tell us about?

It is with these momentous questions that a children's specialist, Dr. Flusser, deals in a most interesting way in a recent pamphlet, published in Germany. The purely pathological part is intended for specialists, but in the chapters that deal with the mind of the child and his relation to the environment, Dr. Flusser conveys a multitude of thoughts and suggestions of interest not only to parents but to teachers and psychologists also. We quote from a review by Gottfried Stiasny in the *Illustrirte Zeitung* (Leipzig) as follows:

Wide World photograph

"EEYOW!"

"A momentous question: Shall one let the baby cry until he stops of his own accord? No! The baby of the family is entitled to solicitous loving treatment. He wants love and tenderness."

"First of all, the question is raised: Provided the child continues to cry, does this under all circumstances mean discomfort or illness?

"By no means. We forget only too easily that crying is the infant's only possible expression—the only vent for his frequently overbubbling temperament, making his individuality—surely this expression is justified even at this age—known to his family.

"And when the baby thrives, is rosy and strong, sleeps soundly and shows the proper increase in weight, in that case we have to deal with a high-spirited child, a 'distinct personality,' who makes his existence known in a different way from a child with an ordinary temperament. Moreover, the healthy child displays everywhere a certain inclination toward perseverance. Just as, at a later age, he never wearies of listening again and again to the same fairy-tales and the same jokes, so he persists in his 'crying concert' until his supply of vocal power is exhausted."

Of course, we are reminded that one should be cautious in judging such a "squalling baby." Whenever the crying becomes spasmodic—when the facial expression of the child and his psychic attitude during the crying-spell indicate discomfort—the continuous crying is not to be considered merely as a surplus of energy. And when the scales and the thermometer—the most reliable health-meters at this period of life—suggest possible malnutrition and illness, then it requires all of the physician's art to ascertain the cause, which occasionally is concealed:

"But besides eventual physical ailments, the psychic attitude of the child, the 'milieu,' in which he lives, must be had in mind to a much larger extent than heretofore. The entire medical science of our time is influenced more deeply by psychic currents than it was a few decades ago. The misunderstood child takes up a great deal of space in Dr. Flusser's pamphlet—the child without peace as a sheltering atmosphere and without a certain loving understanding as an indispensable basis of development.

"A momentous question: Shall one let the baby cry until he stops of his own accord? No! The baby of the family is entitled to solicitous loving treatment. He wants love and tenderness, he wants to be mothered and demands this right just as a young animal seeks to obtain a caress.

"The infant who is 'quietly soothed' whenever he cries develops into a child that is calm and contented and not cross and ill-bred, as one would frequently make mothers believe. The child that realizes the futility of his crying, and for that reason is silent, may well be compared to a woman who learns to relinquish love because it is not offered to her; but to relinquish does not mean to be contented.

"It is well known that we ourselves become nervous in the company of a nervous person. So it seems but natural that the infant should succumb to the same influence. As we know, our domestic animals are extremely sensitive to the frame of mind of man. The horse becomes 'jerky' and nervous, and the dog, too, grows to be shy and fidgety, in a troubled environment. The same may be observed in the smallest infants, who are just as little able fully to understand their environment. Whenever the baby is nervous and 'finds no peace,' a conflicting environment is frequently to blame. The child senses that people around him are impatient, cross or nervous, and he himself becomes neuropathic, nervous, and morose.

"It is obvious that the modern type of mother in whom varied diversions, sport, recklessness, and flirtation are at variance with a mother's duties, must endanger the equilibrium of the child. Such conflicts in the child's environment may also be caused by social conditions. Hunger, misery, and unsolved sex problems cause indirectly, through neurasthenia of the grown-up people, restlessness and psychic uneasiness of the baby.

"For all that life brings to the new dweller on this earth, of physical and psychical discomfort, he has but one means of expression—the cry. It is the physician's task to diagnose the cause, and to remove it whenever he can."

ICE-STORMS—The ice-storm is a beautiful and expensive variety of weather, declares Charles Fitzhugh Talman in *Why the Weather?*, a Science Service feature (Washington). It probably flourishes, he says, in greater perfection in North America than anywhere else in the world. The moisture in these storms falls as rain, but forms a coating of smooth, clear ice on cold objects at the earth's surface. The icy deposit is popularly called "sleet," but the Weather Bureau prefers to call it "glaze," as "sleet" is a word of many meanings. We read:

"Glaze deposits are often so light as to do no harm. In many cases, however, they cause enormous damage by breaking down the limbs of trees and the wires and poles of the telegraph, telephone, and power companies. In the great New England ice-storm of November, 1921, it was estimated that a tree of average size received an icy load amounting to five tons. About 100,000 trees were destroyed, and the wire-using industries suffered losses of millions of dollars. Another storm, in December, 1924, tore down 34,000 telephone poles in Missouri, Oklahoma, and Texas, and put enough mileage of wire out of commission to girdle the globe."

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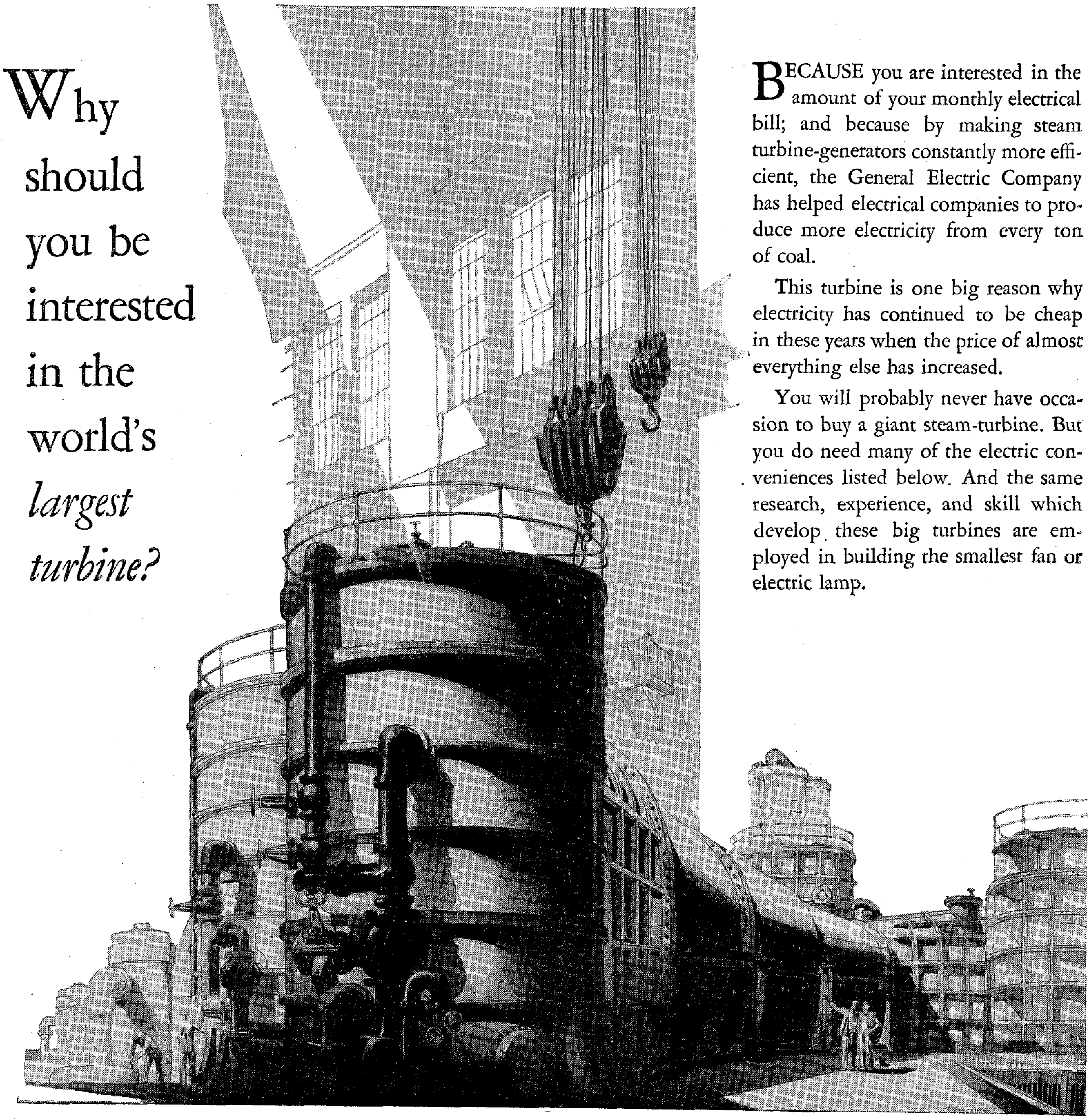

FOR THE HOME—General Electric and its associated companies manufacture a complete line of electric products and appliances, including G-E MAZDA and G-E Edison MAZDA Lamps, G-E refrigerators, G-E fans, G-E vacuum cleaners, G-E wiring systems, Edison Hotpoint ranges, percolators, toasters, and other Hotpoint products.

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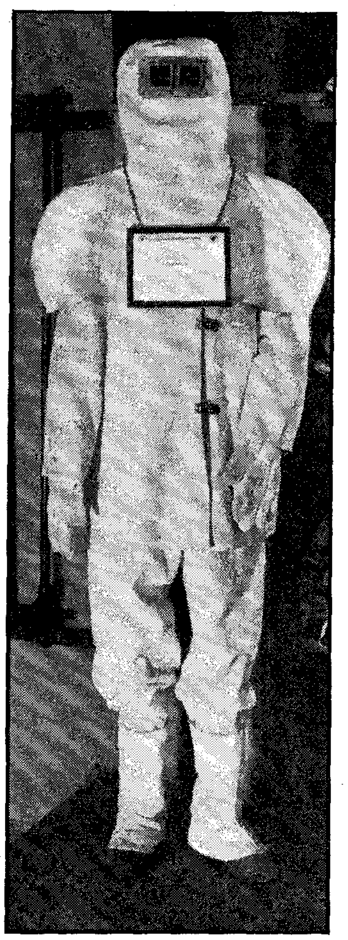
WORKERS IN CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES require special protection against corrosive acids and irrespirable, inflammable, or poisonous gases.

The best modern practise is described by A. L. Armstrong, general safety supervisor of the Eastman Kodak Company, in an address before the Chemical Division of the National Safety Congress. How modern equipment saves lives and eliminates expensive accidents in chemical works is thus detailed in the address, which appears in *Chemicals* (New York):



Courtesy of the American Museum of Safety.

AN ASBESTOS SUIT

Not for the next world, but to protect the worker here and now, in perilous trades.

"In any chemical plant great care must be taken to select the proper type of protective equipment, and some thought should be given to the type of equipment the men will like. In some plants a committee representing the men try out new types of equipment, and select what they think is the most comfortable to wear. In other plants the men on this job try out different types of equipment. This procedure helps in getting men to wear protective equipment of their own accord, because they have had a part in the selection.

"In all acid-manufacturing plants comfortable goggles should be worn whenever men are working where it would be possible to get splashed, and if acid is being handled in dishes or open containers, goggles should be worn at all times. The ordinary spectacles will not give protection.

"Goggles must fit tightly enough around the eye to prevent water from being run in between the goggles and the face if blown out of wash bottle. Every man working around caustics of sufficient strength to cause injury to the eye should be supplied with goggles. This ought to include men in acid plants, cotton-nitrating plants, silver-nitrate plants, also mechanics who are making repairs or men handling carboys or drums of acid outside the departments.

"On work where a spill is liable to occur, men should wear rubber gloves, hip boots, aprons, felt sleeves, as well as goggles. Mechanical failures occur often, and men not properly equipped may suffer severe injury.

"Because of mechanical ventilation there are very few places in industries where it is necessary for men to wear masks continuously, but because of mechanical failures and mistakes of the human element, proper masks should be supplied, and in acid plants these should be the man's personal property, and he should have a proper place for storing, which will keep fumes or moisture from the mask.

"The selection of masks must be made with great care, and in places where men wear goggles, the paint-spray type face-piece would probably be the better, or the old army type which goes directly into the mouth may be used.

"Wherever strong caustics are handled shower baths should be installed, and if it is at all possible for a man to get sprayed with acid, the shower should be controlled by a platform onto which he can step. On loading platforms where temperature gets below freezing, showers can be installed and controlled by a special stop-cock under the ground, controlled by a lever arrangement. This allows the water to drain off and prevents freezing, which would render the shower useless.

"In plants where men are liable to get acid on their feet or other parts of the body, tubs of water should be supplied. As an illustration of the value of this, we know of a case where one of the men opened the ash-pit door of a furnace under a still, and acid rushed out over his feet. He jumped into a tub of water within six feet of where the accident occurred, and as a result received a very minor injury in the form of a blister about the size of a quarter on one side of his foot."

In artificial-leather plants and lacquer plants, mechanical ventilation can be installed which will give adequate protection. The best type is pronounced to be a pipe which comes down and covers practically the entire area of any can containing a toxic solvent. Where rubber is being put into benzol for dissolving, a ventilating system of this kind will draw the air past the man and over the top of the can, preventing him from getting any of the fumes. To quote further:

"In most lacquer plants the entire question of protection from toxic-solvent vapors has been solved by ventilation, with the exception of the washing or soaking up of filter plates or cloths. This can be done in closed containers, and if the men are properly educated and have a real appreciation of the hazard, they will not stick their hands down into the bath and become poisoned by absorption. Where it is necessary for men to clean funnels over mixers, pack-valves, change screen-pots, etc., the paint spray-mask gives very good protection.

"Clothing in plants of this kind often becomes covered with nitrocellulose dope and this creates a very serious accident hazard to the employee. The best practise is to insist that the men have clean suits at least once a week. The flammable material can be washed out of the clothing with several different kinds of solvents.

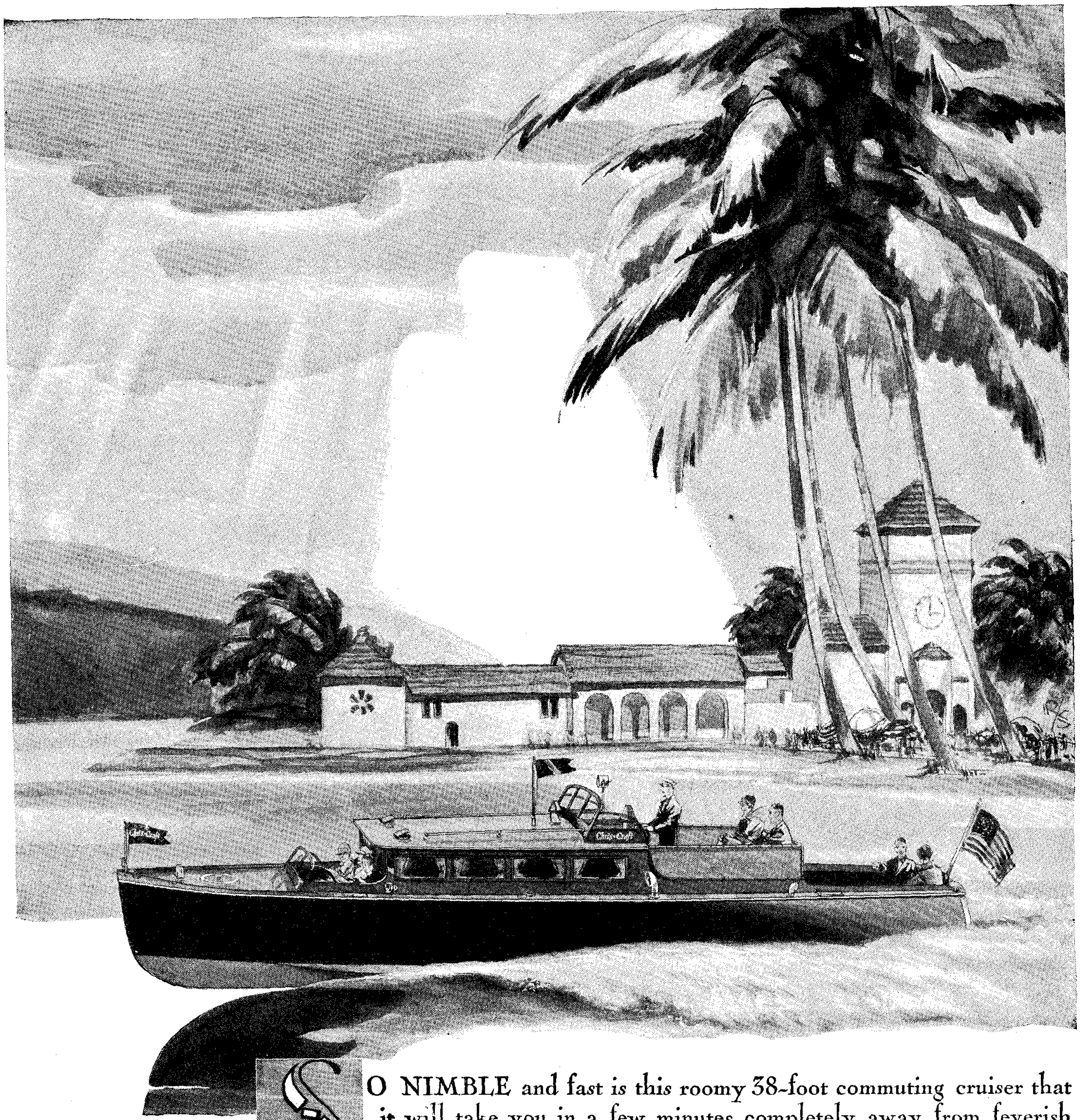
"Men going into acid tank-cars should be equipped with hose masks and a harness to which there is a line attached, and a man should be stationed at the opening of the tank-car. Of course, care must be taken to wash properly any tank-car before a man is allowed to enter. A great many different ways are used for checking up the amount of oxygen inside a tank-car. The use of a flame or spark is dangerous, as hydrogen may be present, and the use of animals is unsatisfactory, because there may be sufficient oxygen to sustain life in a small animal or bird, and insufficient to sustain life in a human being for any length of time. Danger signs should be placed at each end of the tank-car.

"Cars and tracks must be properly grounded to carry away any static charges. When connecting up for unloading cars that contain flammable solvents, the safest practise is to replace the dome cover with a temporary wood cover, and the man doing this work should be supplied with shoes which have leather soles; if these shoes have nails in them, they should be of non-sparking metal. Any hammers or tools of any kind should also be of non-sparking metal to prevent the striking of sparks.

"Experience has shown that steaming of cars which have contained flammable liquids is the best method of cleaning, and this should be done for at least twenty-four hours before the men are allowed to enter."

EACH OF US KEEPS ONE RAT—Every man, woman, and child in the United States spends two dollars a year supporting a rat, according to the Biological Survey of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, which has recently suggested that the country's uninvited rat population may be kept within reasonable numbers, if not exterminated. Says Dr. E. E. Free, in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"Each rat does, the Survey estimates, an annual damage of at least two dollars. The number of rats now alive in the United States is estimated as at least equal to the number of human beings; that is something over 125,000,000. This makes an annual rat bill of more than a quarter of a billion dollars, about a third of what the country pays in personal income taxes. Rats are so clever and suspicious, the Survey states, that it is extremely difficult to kill them. No natural enemy can attack them successfully, as birds destroy billions of injurious insects. About the only animal which kills rats is the rat itself, for these creatures are given to cannibalism when other food supplies run short. Poisoned rat food is usually suspected by the intelligent animals and is left severely alone. Similarly, most kinds of traps seem to be regarded by experienced rats merely with gentle amusement that humans can be so naive. Many kinds of rat poison are dangerous because they are poisonous also to human beings or to domestic animals. The best way to kill rats, the Survey concludes, is to poison them with red-squill powder, a dried plant material which kills them, but not most other animals, and which the rats sometimes can be persuaded to eat in their food."



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HOW TO REDUCE

TO GET RID OF FAT, adopt a proper diet, prescribed by a competent physician, and under his supervision.

This is the simple method announced by the National Better Business Bureau, after consultation with a number of obesity specialists. Below are the answers to the Bureau's questions, substantially as quoted from *The Long Island Medical Journal* in *Medical Insurance* (Reno, Nev.). We read:

> "Treatment for obesity can not be scientifically and safely prescribed without a personal examination of the patient by a competent physician. It is essential that the cause of the excess deposit of fat be determined in order that suitable treatment may be prescribed.
>
> "There are two distinct groups of overweight persons:
>
> "First, there are those who eat more food than they need, and who are not sufficiently active to use up this surplus fat through exercise. This group constitutes the greater number of overweight persons. The safe and sane method of control under such conditions consists of diet and exercise.
>
> "The second group is composed of those suffering from glandular obesity. Each case requires individual study and intelligent diagnosis and treatment. Reducing remedies may be administered by physicians, but only after careful diagnosis and under personal observation and supervision."

It is true, we are assured, that persons who are definitely overeating could with a reasonable degree of safety reduce their own diet without supervision:

> "However, it is desirable for any reduction in diet to be made rationally in order to insure proper balance. A dietitian can advise a diet that will be low in fat-making material, or a dietitian can arrange a combination of foods which will be nutritious and not have tendencies toward the deposit of excess fat, but only a competent physician can determine what is technically wrong with the human anatomy as regards this disturbed functioning and depositing of excess fat or its safe reduction.
>
> "Obesity can be neither safely nor scientifically treated except under the supervision of a person with an intimate knowledge of the human body and its processes—that is, a physician. Under any reducing régime, secondary disease conditions may arise, which, if unrecognized, may lead to permanent disability, or even death."

Periodical examinations by a physician are recommended, because it is desirable that the patient's condition be carefully watched:

> "Some treatments for obesity carry with them a definite risk to the heart and kidneys, and these organs need careful watching. We are advised that numbers of obese persons have diabetes often unsuspected by them.
>
> "It is also possible for the beginning of tuberculosis of the lungs to exist in a fat person, and to be aggravated by reducing treatment. The diet also must provide certain essential materials during the period of reducing, and the medical examiner must know whether the health is endangered by lack of these and general undernutrition.
>
> "The treatment is primarily dependent upon diet and exercise. Most cases of obesity arise from the eating of more food than is actually consumed, the surplus being stored as fat. The removal of this surplus can be accomplished only by reducing the intake or increasing the consumption. These measures are synonymous with diet and exercise.
>
> "Each case of obesity is a law unto itself. The amount of exercise and the amount of diet can be scientifically determined only on the basis of an intimate and expert knowledge of the individual under treatment.
>
> "Medical experts state that soaps, creams, bath salts, and other external applications can have no possible influence in permanently reducing obesity. There is nothing that, put in the bath water, will reduce weight.
>
> "Hot baths in themselves have some weight-reducing power because they speed up metabolism, and sweat out water from the body, but this weight is quickly replaced unless the diet is reduced. Rubbing and massaging will reduce weight to a limited degree, but any creams or pastes used in this treatment serve only as lubricants.
>
> "The use of laxatives as a treatment for obesity is considered unscientific. Laxatives may create an apparent reduction of weight to such an extent as they hurry the food through the intestinal tract before it can be properly assimilated.
>
> "Instead of overstimulating the intestinal tract unnaturally for the purpose of hurrying food through before it can be wholly utilized, it is obviously more rational to eat less food and digest that which is eaten.
>
> "The use of desiccated thyroid as a home treatment for obesity is fraught with danger. So powerful a substance as thyroid has no place in the legitimate field of home remedies. Medical experts state that thyroid preparations are a valuable adjunct to the treatment of obesity where the patient is suffering from thyroid deficiency, but they would use it only after careful diagnosis and under personal supervision.
>
> "The majority of fat people do not suffer from an underactive thyroid gland, and the indiscriminate sale of remedies containing this product for self-medication is contrary to the public interest."

COAL AT THE SOUTH POLE—"Highly carbonaceous material"—in other words, coal, of sorts—has been found on Mount Nansen in the Antarctic, by Dr. Lawrence Gould, geologist, of the Byrd expedition.

His report, as given in part over the radio by Admiral Byrd, is thus quoted in the New York *Times:*

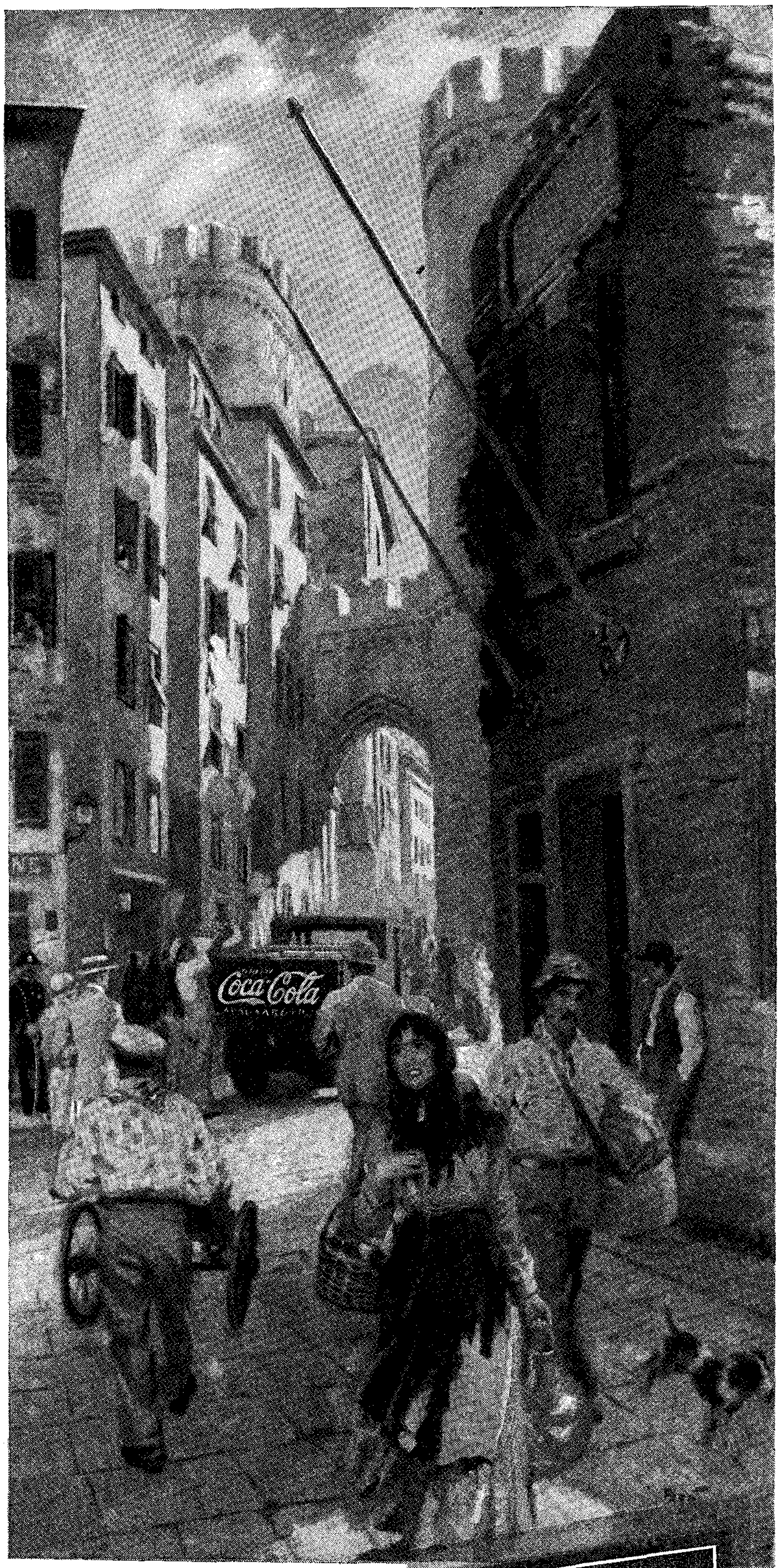
> "I have been able to make many glaciological studies, and my geological studies will demonstrate that the great mountain ranges which take their rise far away on the western side of Ross Sea are continued as major features of landscape in fairly unbroken fashion, certainly as far as 140th meridian.
>
> "Capping Mount Nansen I did find sandstone with layer of highly carbonaceous material. Had to climb up 6,000 feet in part over steep, badly crevassed glacier in order to reach these cap rocks.
>
> "No symphonies I have ever heard, no work of art before which I have stood in awe, ever gave me quite the thrill that I had when I reached out, after this strenuous climb, and picked up rock to find it sandstone. Here was what I had come all the way to the Antarctic to find."

Commenting on this report, and on its significance, Prof. Griffith Taylor, of the University of Chicago, who was Senior Geologist of the British Antarctic Expedition of 1910-13, makes the following statement to *The Times:*

> "In 1909 Shackleton brought back the account of seven thin seams of coal which Wild and he had seen at the head of the Boardmore Glacier.
>
> "Sir Edgeworth David, who accompanied Shackleton, is of the opinion that one of the world's largest coal-fields may lie under the thousands of feet of the ice on the Ice Plateau.
>
> "It is, of course, impossible to estimate the area of this hypothetical coal-field.
>
> "David thinks this coal-field may cover 100,000 square miles, but all must agree that it is very inaccessible, while the coal so far discovered is of poor quality. However, nothing can detract from the interest in these discoveries of coal near the icy poles.
>
> "It is to be hoped that Dr. Gould can find fossils in his interesting carbonaceous material."

A TORNADO INSIDE A HURRICANE—A tropical cyclone or hurricane is a much larger and less concentrated atmospheric whirl than a tornado, and in some cases, a true tornado has occurred within the cyclonic area, we are told by Charles Fitzhugh Talman, in his Science Service feature, *Why the Weather?* (Washington). He writes:

> "The most convincing record of such an event was in connection with the West India hurricane of September, 1929. This storm passed up the southwestern coast of the Florida peninsula on the 28th, and during the afternoon of that day, judging from the descriptions of eye-witnesses and the observed effects, a genuine tornado swept over the city of Fort Lauderdale, on the east coast, passing along a destructive path from 150 to 300 feet wide and three-quarters of a mile long. Within this path, in the course of a minute, the tornado partly or completely wrecked many buildings, causing damage to the extent of about $100,000. The entire side and roof of one house was seen to be carried more than a hundred feet up into the air. The noise of the passing whirl was described as like that of 'several freight-trains.' There were less definite reports of tornadoes the same day at Miami, Stuart, and Boca Raton, but without serious damage. All the reported tornadoes appear to have occurred in the right rear quarter of the advancing cyclone, and to have moved parallel to the path of the latter."



America's home town discovers

the pause that refreshes

BACK TO GENOA! Through ancient city gates and narrow, twisting streets that wind among medieval churches and palaces to the boyhood home of Christopher Columbus. Back, as it were, to America's home town has come Coca-Cola and *the pause that refreshes.* ↑ ↑ ↑ Thus has Coca-Cola, with that tingling, delicious taste and its cool after-sense of refreshment, caught the fancy of the world. Today it is served in seventy-six foreign countries. The same great drink that is ready ice-cold for you, around the corner from anywhere, in every city, town and hamlet in America—tempering the faster pace of these modern times as a reminder to *pause and refresh yourself.*

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own bottle—the distinctive Coca-Cola bottle. Every bottle is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight by automatic machines, without the touch of human hands—insuring purity and wholesomeness.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

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Drink
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Delicious and Refreshing

It had to be good to get where it is

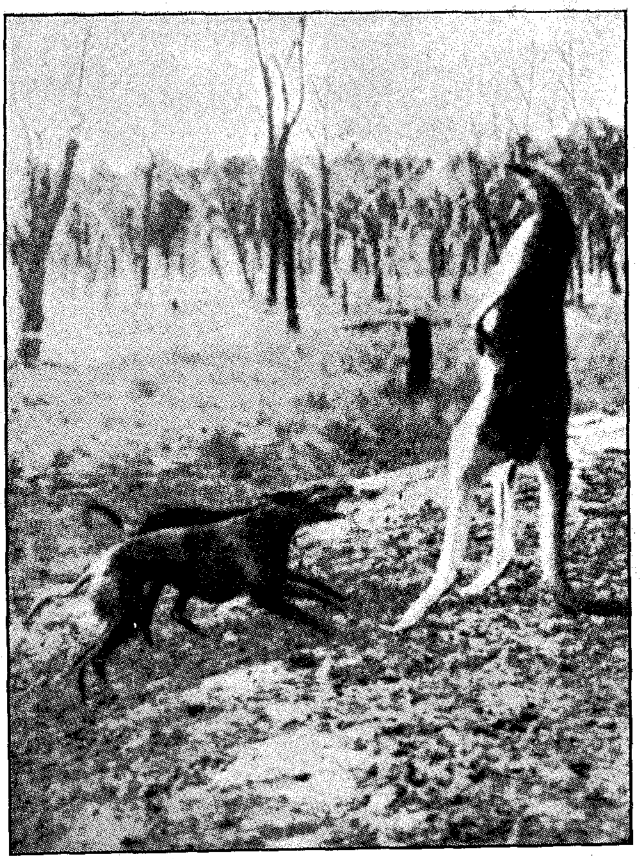
BEASTS · BIRDS · AND · TREES

WHEN DADDY KANGAROO DEFENDS HIS "MOB"

BALANCED LIKE A TRIPOD on his hind toes and his stiffened tail, the "old man" drew himself to his magnificent height of eight feet or so, and dared the dogs to come on and do their worst.

Pursued for miles by hounds followed up by mounted men, he had played the patriarchal part of a rear-guard to his wildly leaping tribe of wives, daughters, and immature sons—his "mob," in the language of the bush. And now the mob had made a good getaway, but the old man was at bay. He had been making for Puddler's Dam—a hunted kangaroo will always make for waist-deep water for its last fight, if possible—but an enterprising photographer had anticipated his strategy, and stept out of cover at the last moment between him and his goal. Hence the extraordinary pictures here presented. They illustrate an account by Henry G. Lamond, in *The Illustrated London News*, of the kangaroo hunt which culminated so fortunately for the far-sighted camera-man. The narrative opens with a vociferous chorus of "There they go! Get after 'em, boys! Here, Brindle, Snap, Collie, sool 'em, dogs! Way back, there! Way back . . . yackai!"

Through the rung ironbark trees of a Queensland forest country, relates Mr. Lamond, "a string of great gray kangaroos flashed in a fleeting line. Behind them, visibly shortening the space between them as they raced, came two of those ravenous killers and relentless hunters, the kangaroo-dogs of Australia; and, further back, toiling in his passage, was a collie who was no less keen, tho immeasurably slower." From which point we read on:



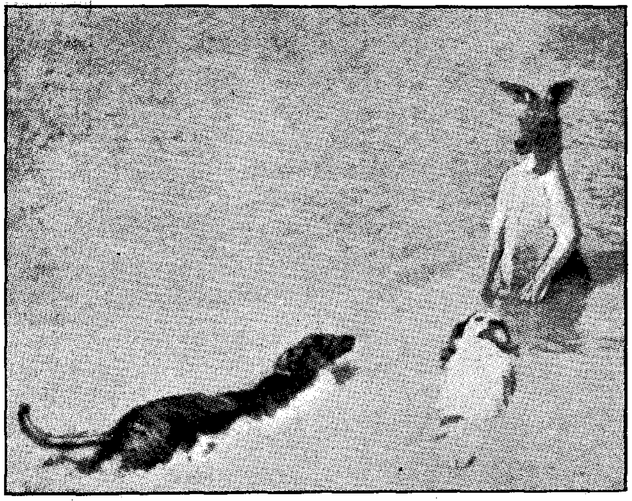
Photograph by Otho Webb

AT THE END OF THE TRAIL: THE "OLD MAN" AT BAY

"There, with his muscles corded, with his eyes shooting fire, and unafraid, he stands to meet the dogs."

Two mounted men followed the line of the racing 'roos, yelling as they went, and urging their horses as they skimmed through trees and floundered over broken ground. The third man, a photographer, unslung his camera, took note of the swing of the chase, and stept lightly as he approached the spot from which the 'roos had started.

It was as he had hoped and half expected. From behind a fallen tree a young doe reared herself, the stems of grass which she was eating still held in her handlike paws, and with a whimsical look of surprize on her face. That was the first trophy of the chase—the photographer "snapt" her.



Photograph by Otho Webb

"FROM THE BANK TWO DOGS SWAM OUT TO TAKE HIM"

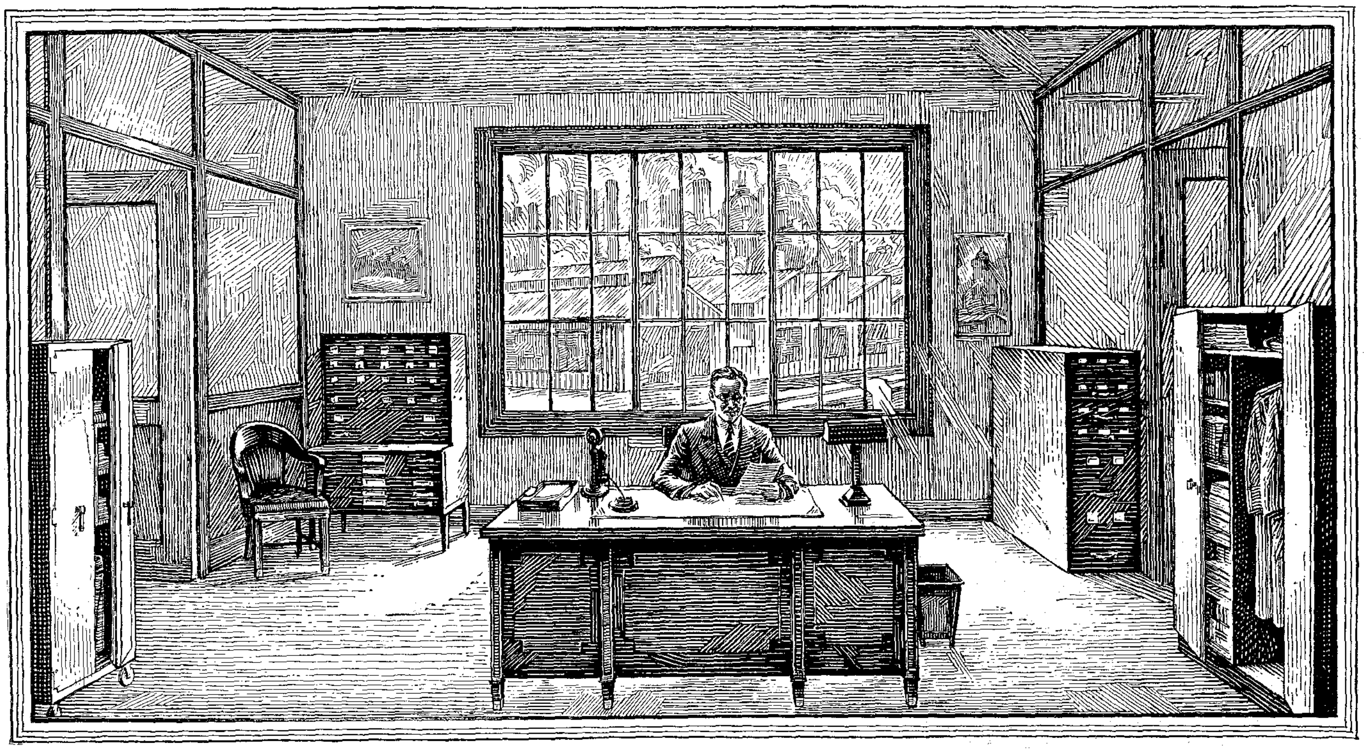
But the "old man" seized one and almost drowned him, and the other showed the white feather. Whereby the kangaroo's choice of waist-deep water for a last stand was well vindicated.

The photographer remounted his horse and took note of the sounds which were coming to him. Through the gaunt trees, leafless and dying, there came the thunder of galloping hoofs, the excited whimper and short yaps of exultation of pursuing dogs, and at intervals the yells of men urging the dogs, who needed no encouragement to do their best. The hunt was, as usual, swinging in a circle, and the photographer, knowing the ways of a hunted 'roo, and using his own knowledge of the country, reckoned the finish would be at Puddler's Dam. He turned his horse's head and rode in that direction, stopping occasionally to note by the sounds what was happening.

After their first wild spurt given by the shock of discovery, the kangaroos had eased their paces slightly, and strung in a long line through the timber. Ten of them there were. In the lead was a half-grown doe, commonly called a flier; following her were other fliers and bachelor bucks; next came the mature does and those heavily loaded with joeys in their pouches; and, last of all, bounding heavily, but with the embodiment of strength in those muscular efforts, came the lord of the mob—the old man. Then when the drumming of galloping dogs had come to them, and the quick whimper of their excitement, the 'roos had let out another link of speed and lain down to it with all they had to offer.

The fliers and bachelor bucks sped lightly, scattering as they went like a handful of shot thrown at random. The unloaded does sped away from those hampered with the weight of their joeys, and they, too, spread and scattered. But the old man, as was his right, took the post nearer the danger and stayed in the rear. Possibly, with his tremendous strength, he could have raced away from all but the fliers. But that is not the way of an old man kangaroo. That was his mob, those were his does, those fliers were his sons and daughters, and by his wisdom, and reliant on his pluck, was the whole mob held together. His place was nearest the danger. He kept that place!

As the individual members of the mob scattered and disappeared in the timber, and as the dogs kept on in pursuit of



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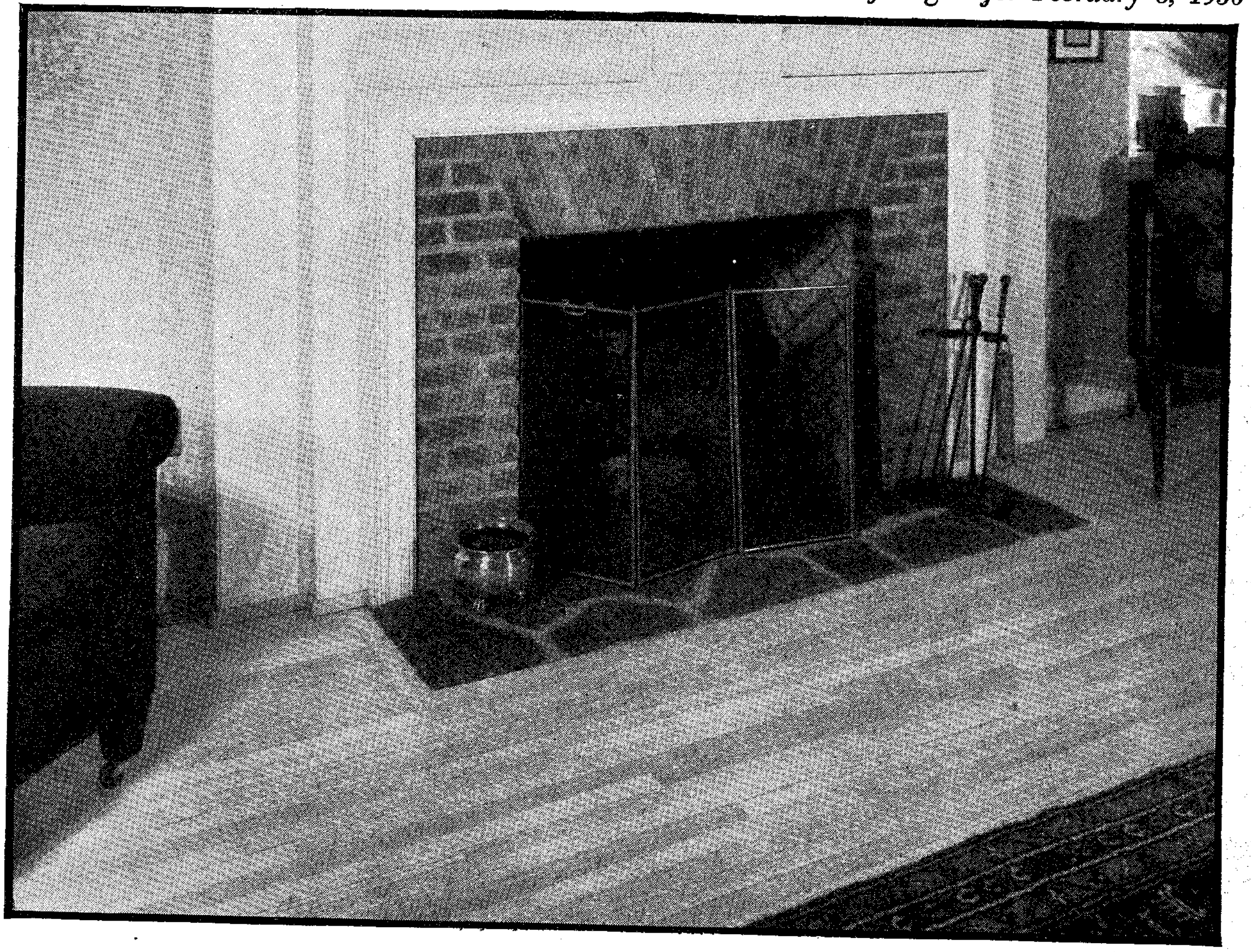
BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

the old man, he knew his duty was done, chronicles Mr. Lamond, adding:

> He had drawn the danger to himself, and let his mob escape. Now he was at liberty to save himself.
>
> Behind him, so close that he could hear the panting of his breath, came Brindle. A little further back, yet not so far that the muffled drumming of his racing paws was lost, was Snap. And away behind, hopelessly out of the hunt, yet with its keenness undiminished, came the yapping Collie. The old man leaned further forward, his corded muscles bulged in greater knots, and the spring of his bound carried him a full thirty feet through the air.
>
> For about twenty seconds, or for a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, the old man kept up that prodigious effort. The dogs were left straining behind, their lolling tongues slavering as they raced. The old man had given all he had. That stupendous effort and those gigantic bounds could not be maintained. He slackened slightly, and the dogs drew on him again.
>
> Ere they raced another half-mile Brindle was beside the old man, making furtive snaps at him as he raced, and the 'roo knew that escape by pace was useless. Always a wild thing when wheeled acknowledges its defeat—the old man was no exception. But the giant 'roo was not yet beaten. By a dozen fights and a hundred skirmishes had he gained his mob; by his pluck and energy he held them together; and, tho he may have known he was up against it, as it were, he was not going to lower his colors and give up his life without a fight. There were a dozen favorable places in which to make his last stand. With his back against a tree or a rock, he could, and would, defy any dog. There were hundreds of trees. There were plenty of rocks.
>
> But a better place than either of those was in the old man's mind. That morning he and his mob had been to Puddler's Dam for a drink. That was the spot he favored. To that last sanctuary the old man sped.
>
> Beside him Brindle was snapping as he raced. On the other side of him Snap was galloping and shepherding the 'roo as he bounded. Behind him there came the thunder of the galloping hoofs of the mounted horses, the yelling of the men, and the excited barkings of Collie as he strove to join the chase.

The old man seemed to stutter in his stride for an imperceptible flash of a second, we are told, and then, ignoring the worrying dogs, he struck off at a new angle and headed straight for Puddler's Dam. Reading on:

> From his panting jaws strings of saliva dropt and floated in the air; his eyes were bloodshot; his flanks were heaving as he sprang; but he held on in a straight line, grim, silent, and not deigning to fight till his position was taken.
>
> Occasionally one or other of the dogs had bounded at the 'roo as they galloped. That, apart from knocking him out of his stride a little, and upsetting his balance to a certain extent, had inconvenienced him little. The most vulnerable part of a fleeing 'roo for a dog to attack is under the armpits, taken from behind. That is not an easy matter when a dog is blown, when the 'roo



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OAK FLOORS *are a sign of good building* is bounding in twenty-foot jumps, and where but fractions of an inch and portions of a second are vital factors to consider. Neither dog attempted it. The old man, attended by the two dogs, burst through the fringe of timber round Puddler's Dam and made straight for the water.

He was puffed and blown, rolling in his gait somewhat, and weary. But he held straight on for the water. He bounded up the small embankment, and paused for a flick of time on top of that. And as he steadied for a mere shutter-click ere he dashed for the water, a man appeared in front of him, between him and his goal, and forced him to turn to meet his foes!

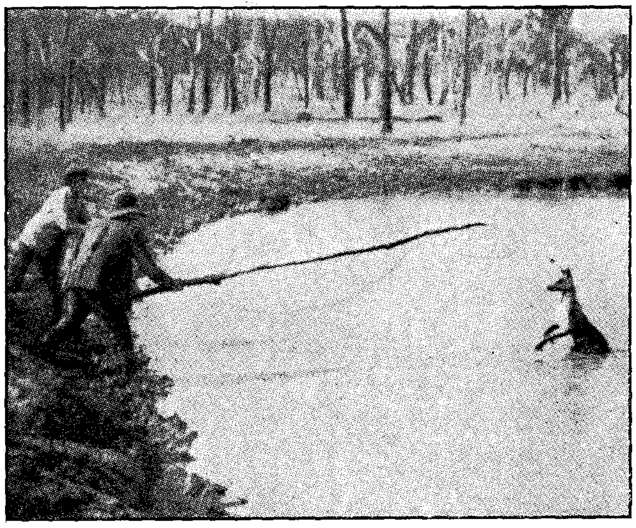
Photograph by Otho Webb

"A YOUNG DOE REARED HERSELF"

Unconscious of danger, the "stems of grass still held in her hand-like paws."

It was the photographer, as we have already seen. He had correctly estimated the direction of the chase and reached the dam just in time to intercept the quarry, and we read on:

> On the bank of the dam the old man wheeled at bay to meet his pursuers. He drew himself to his full height, standing only on his tiptoes and on the mere end-joints of his tail, and, tho he had but a wink of time in which to do it, he gave a hasty dab with his tongue to his forearms. There, with his muscles corded, with his eyes shooting fire, and unafraid, he stands to meet the dogs. In a surging rush they come!
>
> Brindle leaps for the old man's throat, and even as he is in the air the 'roo's arms enfold him and hug him closer. With the same action as that of a woman nursing a baby the old man draws Brindle to him, and then he lifts his mighty hind-leg, armed with its eviscerating claw, for a disemboweling stroke. But even as the old man stands poised, Snap springs at him from one side. The 'roo drops Brindle—who slinks unashamedly behind—and turns his attention to the other charging dog.
>
> With a downward chop of his front paw, with his fist clenched, and with his muscles playing and rippling beneath his taut skin, he meets the coming dog and knocks him to earth. Snap is satisfied!
>
> As they stand there, one on each side of him, panting to get their breath, Collie dashes by. He pays no attention to the tableau other than to bark sharply in passing. He dashes to the water, to lap and wallow in it, and to regain his wind ere he joins the fray. The old man stands on top of the bank, one dog on either side of him, and he is undecided from which one the attack will come. There is no need for indecision! Neither dog wants more! In the chase they are game enough; but this is a different proposition. In any case, the dogs are winded, and want time to recover.



Photograph by Otho Webb

BUT THE "OLD MAN" MERELY GAVE THEM THE LAUGH

When the huntsmen tried to slip a running noose over his head, he just wriggled his neck like a trained seal.

> Collie splashes noisily in the water as he shakes himself. That attracts the old man's attention, and as he looks toward that dog he seems suddenly to remember the reason for which he came to where he is. He gives one bound and a plunge, a squirm and a turn while in the air, and in the next second he is in wading out toward the middle of the little dam and waist-deep in water. As soon as the 'roo turned to flee, all three dogs joined wildly in the chase, Collie, the freshest, in the lead.
>
> When the old man reached the position he desired, he turned and bailed-up again, and from the bank two dogs swam out to take him—an easy prey, it seemed—Collie in the lead. Almost they had reached him, and Snap on the bank was whimpering his excitement, when there was a sudden flurry in the water.
>
> Something had happened—happened so quickly that there was only an indistinguishable blur and a spurt of water. But when that had cleared, only one dog was to be seen. Collie had disappeared. The 'roo was holding something under the water, and from that something mighty swirls and strings of bubbles were breaking the surface. Collie in his inexperience was learning his first lesson!
>
> Brindle attacked bravely tho with no great heart. The old man turned his attention to him. Beside him, rubbing against his body as it rose, a bedraggled and half-drowned Collie rose to the surface and swam dejectedly ashore. He had had enough—more than enough! Brindle barked while he swam round the old man; Snap added his chorus from the bank; Collie half-heartedly supplied an encore; and the old man stood there motionless and in silence.

Brindle, after completing another circuit and barking three times, swam to the bank and came out, and neither of the other dogs cared to go in, relates Mr. Lamond. "They all stood on the bank and barked at the old man, daring him to come out and fight." But now came human intervention, thus:

> Ernie and Dave had an inspiration. They dismounted from their panting horses and picked up an iron-bark sapling. With a length of rope they made a running noose and essayed to lasso the old man as he stood in the water. But their efforts were vain. When the menace came to him, the 'roo used casually to lift his hand and ward it off. With a snakelike twist of his head he evaded any flung efforts to catch him, and things were very much as-you-were.
>
> Ernie and Dave sat on the bank to discuss other means of capture. Each suggested riding in and dropping the noose over the old man's head. Each agreed it was a good idea—a really brilliant notion—and each magnanimously offered to the other the honor of the achievement. They were good fellows, were Ernie and Dave, and unselfish in the extreme—neither would rob the other of the pleasure of the capture.
>
> While they debated, and while the dogs lay panting beside them, the old man reckoned he had done enough. He turned, with many a backward glance, and slowly waded across the dam and up the other bank. There he paused for a second to lick himself, and then he hopped steadily across the flat and away among the trees. The dogs started up, and were called to heel.

This may seem a strangely tolerant attitude for hunters who had ridden hard under a hot sun after animals which, altho they have a harmlessly outlandish and rather charming aspect to the rest of the world, are an economic menace in those pastoral and agricultural regions of Australia where kangaroos still survive the inroads of civilization and even have a tendency to increase. In grazing, for instance, they cut the grass to the roots. But there is something so human about an old man kangaroo that he can almost always win a reluctant sympathy in a long chase, when he loyally covers the retreat of his harem. Thus we read on:

> "He's earned his freedom," said Dave. "Still, I'm sorry we didn't get that rope round his neck and pull him out."
>
> "So am I," the photographer agreed. "If you'd done that I'd have had some good snaps. But I'd have needed a very quick-action movie-camera to have taken you when you tried to take the noose off again, when you wanted to let him go!"

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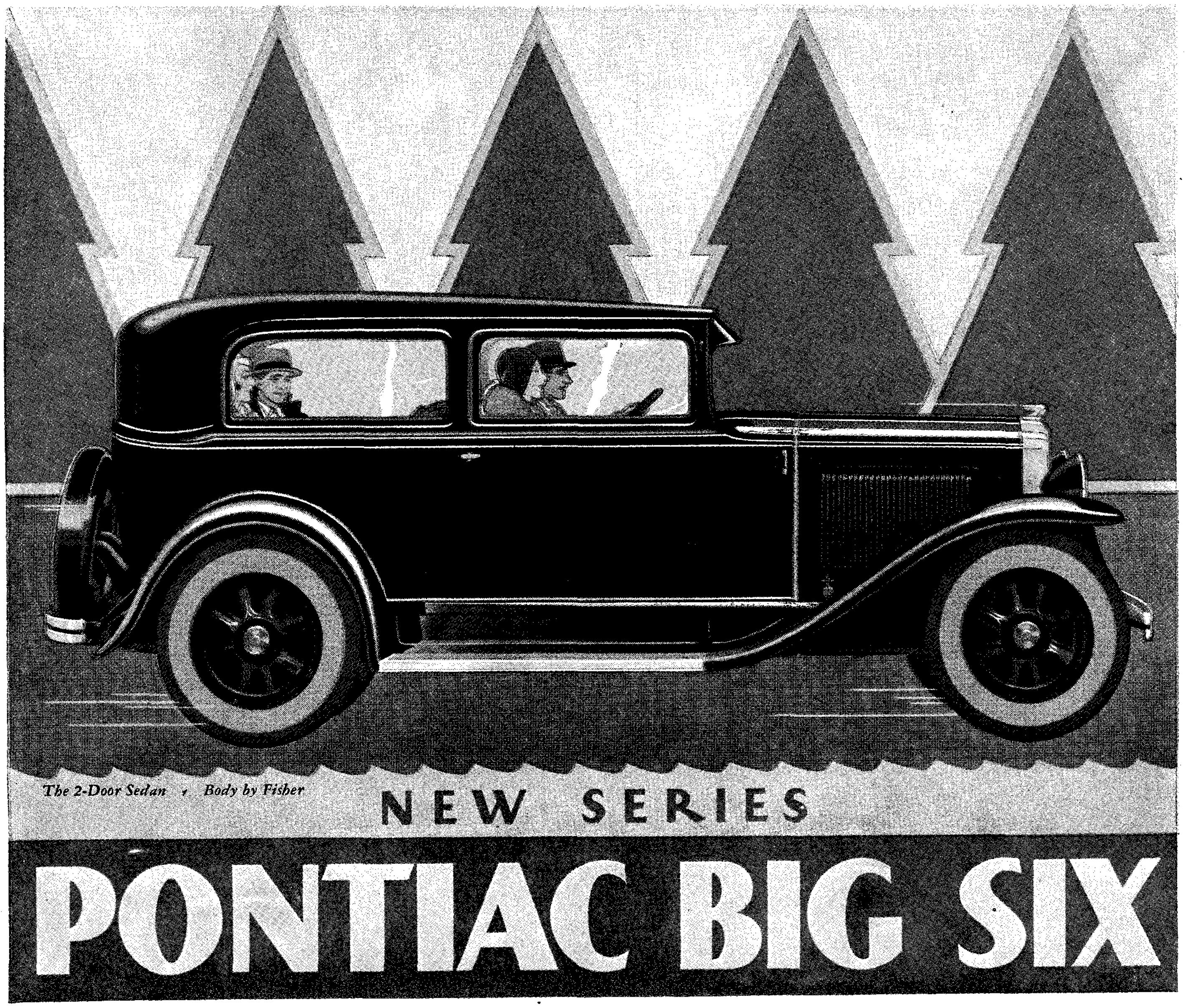
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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

THE TREK OF THE 3,000 REINDEER

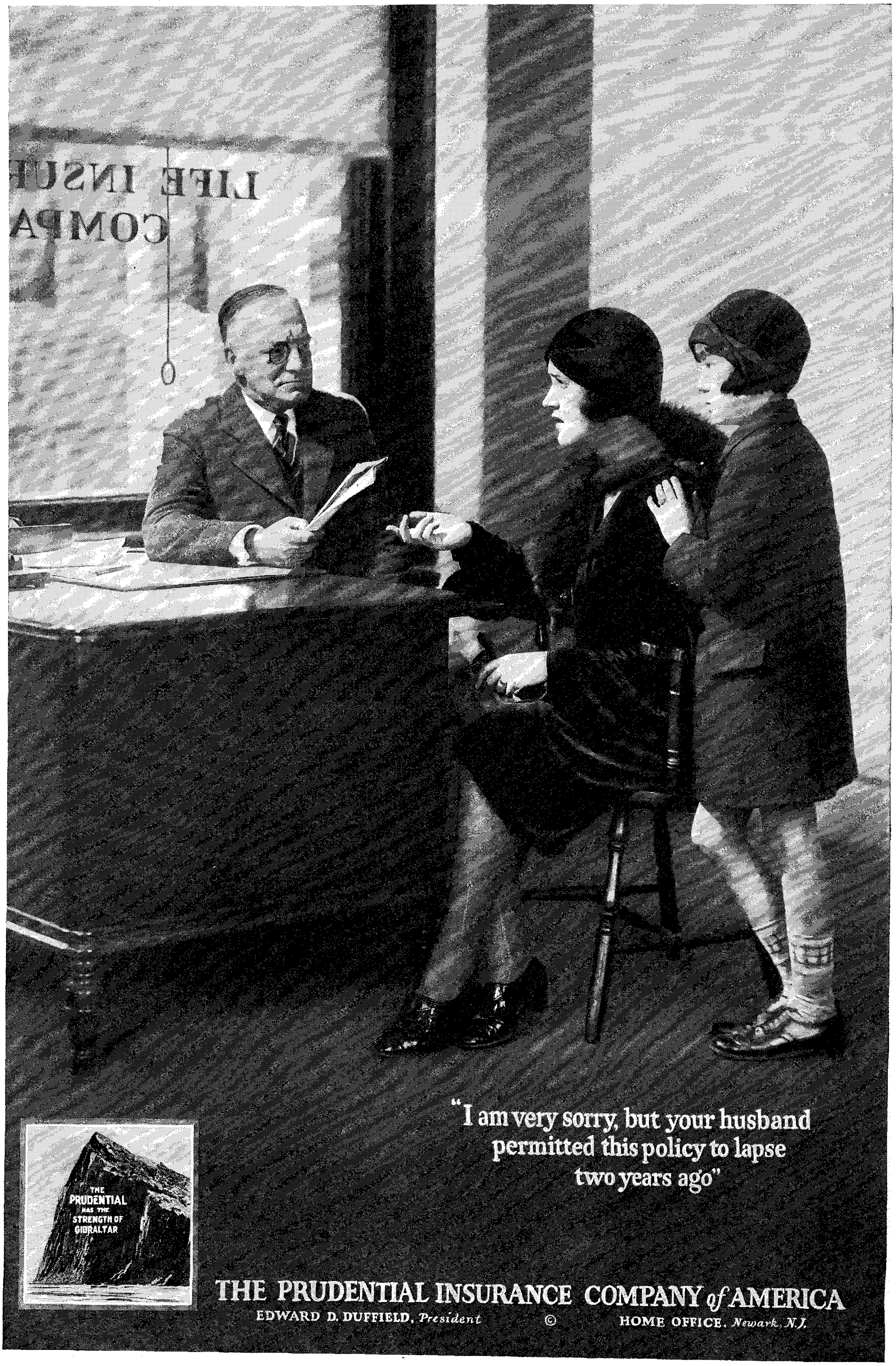
THOSE eight fleet and sturdy steeds, Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donner and Blitzen, who furnished Santa's motive power on his annual world tour, had better look to their travel laurels. So thinks a New York *Sun* writer, who tells us how 3,000 Alaska reindeer are being moved on foot to northern Canada.

These sturdy beasts, providers of food, clothing, and transportation, who are almost the *sine qua non* of life in the Far North, have been bought by the Canadian Government from the Lomen brothers, owners of huge herds of reindeer in Alaska.

The movement, says *The Sun*, "is unique in the annals of the North. The reindeer are being moved for the purpose of forming the nucleus of reindeer herds in the Arctic and sub-Arctic regions of Canada. Heavy inroads made on the wild life of that part of the Dominion by the introduction of high-powered firearms and modern hunting methods among the natives make the establishment of domestic reindeer herds necessary."

The reindeer finds its own food, digging through the snow in winter for the succulent lichens, or reindeer moss, we are reminded by W. E. Playfair in the Boston *Evening Transcript*. In further praise of the camel of the Arctic:

> It provides meat, milk, clothing from its pelt, even transportation. It waxes fat, and multiplies in a wilderness of snow and ice. Its cousin, the wild caribou, once numbered in legions in Arctic America, has dwindled since the introduction of high-powered rifles, and taken to safer haunts in the interior. Without the reindeer the Eskimos live precariously by fishing and trapping fox, tightening their belts often when the luck is poor.
>
> It was this situation that led the United States in 1892 to introduce the first reindeer into Alaska. On the Siberian side of the Bering Straits the natives were living in milk and honey. They had reindeer herds. On the Alaska side the natives were in want. They had none. Between the years 1892 and 1902, 1,280 reindeer were imported from Siberia, and from that nucleus there has been developed an industry now valued at more than $20,000,000.
>
> By 1922 the herd had increased to 200,000; by 1929, to 750,000. In the meantime 200,000 had been slaughtered for meat. Of the total, more than two-thirds are owned by natives, in accordance with the policy of the Government. Cold-storage facilities have been developed; reindeer steak may be purchased at times on the Boston market; Alaska reindeer pemmican is on sale at our sporting-goods shops.
>
> When the Canadian Government turned its attention to reindeer, it found ready at hand two men eminently fitted to cope with the problem. They are A. E. Porsild, botanist and biologist of the Northwest Territories and Yukon branch of the Department of the Interior, and his brother,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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

Robert T. Porsild. They had lived many years north of the Arctic Circle, and could speak the Eskimo dialects. Together they made the preliminary studies of the field, in Alaska, the Mackenzie Delta, and in the vicinity of Great Bear Lake. They have divided responsibility for the actual transfer of the herd. A. E. Porsild made an airplane reconnaissance of the route of the trek, in addition to the journey previously taken, aided in the selection of the animals at the fall round-up of the Buckland Valley, Alaska, herd, and is accompanying the drive to the point where summer quarters are to be selected.

As the herd is to be the basis of Canada's reindeer population of the future, the largest and most vigorous animals were selected when the Lomen deer were rounded up at Elephant Point. Reindeer vary considerably in size because of climatic and other conditions. Those of the Seward peninsula dress about 150 pounds on the average. Farther north at Point Barrow the average weight of a drest carcass is 100 pounds; while a herd 200 miles east of Point Barrow showed an average of only seventy-five pounds. Crossing with the wild caribou results in a larger and superior animal, but there is a tendency on the part of the reindeer to run away and join herds of their undomesticated relatives.

The Northland is Topsy-Turvey-Land, it would seem from this account. For example, the winter is considered the best time for travel. Why? We soon learn:

Then the tundra is frozen hard and snow-covered, permitting sled travel. In summer pack-dogs or deer must replace the sled, frequent marshes make going hard, and multitudes of flies make life a burden. To man the Arctic is a desert of snow in winter, but the reindeer knows better. His sharp hoofs uncover the reindeer moss.

The route finally chosen follows the Noatak River valley to the Arctic watershed, and down the Colville River to the Arctic. Then it skirts the coast-line to the Mackenzie River. Next spring the herd will reach the Colville basin in time for the fawning season. All next summer the deer will graze in the basin, and at the freeze-up next fall will resume the journey. The trek from Colville basin to the Mackenzie, and over fifty miles of ice to the delta range, will be the program for next winter. Reports as to the progress of the drive will be provided by airplane patrol.

In their report to the Government in 1928 the Porsild brothers said that on the basis of forty acres per head there is pasturage for 250,000 reindeer in the coastal area from the Alaskan-Yukon boundary to the west side of Franklin Bay. Speaking of the 15,000 square miles of available pasture land which they estimated in this region, the report said:

"The coastal tundra is of somewhat different type from the Alaska tundra. It is not quite so rich in succulent grasses and sedges, but this deficiency is generously compensated for by the texture of the turf which is rather hard and firm, and not so susceptible to damage by trampling of herds. The hinterland, near the edge of the forest, on which the reindeer depend for winter pasture, is exceptionally rich in reindeer moss."

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

USING "MERCY BULLETS" TO DOPE BIG GAME FOR THE CAMERA

THE solitary old wildebeest bull received the shot in the haunch.

He flinched a little, but "stood still for a few seconds before trotting off. A short distance away the animal tottered and fell," Capt. Barnett Harris writes in the New York *Times*.

The amazement of the natives who had accompanied Captain and Mrs. Harris on their trek through "the thorny bush of northern Zululand," grew ever greater. First the white *Baas* and his wife ventured into the jungle with no more arsenal than a shotgun and a snake pistol. Then, when the gun was fired, there was no explosion, only a sound like the snapping of a cap-pistol. But perhaps that was all right, since the quarry was obviously felled. And finally, when the natives made ready to skin the animal, they were told to let it alone.

They did not know that the wildebeest was not dead. It had been shot with Captain Harris's "mercy bullet," which merely stuns, and will work, as we shall see, even on so thick-skinned a customer as a rhinoceros. Captain Harris describes the "mercy bullet" thus in *The Times:*

> Had my gun been the usual 50-50 express, with the bullets heavily charged, the wildebeest would have been dead. But the weapon was a 28-gage Parker shotgun, with a smooth bore, and my load the mercy bullet, with a Flobert charge behind it. The words "mercy" and "bullet" may seem not to harmonize, but the name is well suited to this projectile, for it was invented for the purpose of capturing animals in a humane manner.
>
> The mercy bullet is effective no matter where it strikes the animal, altho it works more quickly when it strikes near the vital organs than when it lodges in one of the limbs. It is shot from the gun with so light a charge of powder that the explosion's sound is negligible at 200 yards. The projectile is made up of two parts: a fin-tailed shell to contain the chemicals, and a nose tipped with a hypodermic needle. When the mercy bullet strikes an animal, the needle penetrates the skin and the chemicals are immediately expelled. Thus the animal receives an automatic hypodermic.

Returning to the incident of the stunned wildebeest and the surprized natives, the writer tells us:

> They watched me approach rather cautiously to fasten a lariat around the horns of the wildebeest. Surely a peculiar way for a hunter to act! When I handed the other end of the rope to a native he obligingly took it, but looked rather sheepish, as the animal was apparently dead, and roping it seemed unnecessary.
>
> Scarcely able to credit their eyes, they watched me—whom they had always respected as the white *Baas*—remove the shining projectile from the animal's side, shave its tail, and step back to my camera

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

while my guide went forward to tie a white handkerchief about its stub of a tail. These performances over, the guide loosened the rope from the wildebeest's horns and stept back to the little group of spectators.

After forty-five minutes the wildebeest opened its eyes and raised its head slightly. To the natives, sitting by rather listlessly and wondering what it was all about, it was the dead come to life. As the beast raised its head still higher, struggled to get to its feet and appeared to look at the natives, they backed away in fear. When it finally gained its feet, they fled and did not return that day.

The animal stood still for a few minutes, with drooped head, then the fog seemed to clear from its brain, its eyes brightened, and its head came up. It looked at us for an instant, recognized us as potential enemies, snorted, and loped away switching its stub of a tail. The shaved tail and the handkerchief were for purposes of identification in case the animal were encountered again.

In the course of his experimental work, Captain Harris tried the mercy bullet on the impala, "one of the medium-sized buck of Africa, whose high-jumping ability is extraordinary." He had these results:

When we came upon a herd, these animals were feeding in a small grassy space well sheltered by bush. Silently halting my party, I trained the mercy gun upon a young male and fired, sending a bullet into its haunch.

The impala is so nervous and sensitive a creature that it starts at the slightest snapping of a twig and, if there is anything unusual in the sound, makes off at top speed. The puff of the gun and the sting of the needle made this one gather his feet under him and take a flying leap past a small bush. As he passed the bush the bullet was brushed off, and as he continued running, I felt that he was lost. I gave the signal to move on, when one of the natives called out that the buck was "sick." Turning quickly, I saw him stagger and fall.

The natives, overcome with curiosity, gathered around the unconscious beast. They were sure he was dead, but could not understand why he was so warm and limp, and why there was no wound more serious than a thorn prick. Puzzled and interested, they sat on their heels and waited. I tied a handkerchief around its horn as an identification mark.

After about half an hour's sleep, the impala got groggily to his feet. So completely had he been drugged that he failed to recognize as enemies the group of men who stood near. My guide even took the vicious little creature by the horns, but the impala paid no attention. For quite a while he stood there struggling back to consciousness. When at last in full control of his faculties he stamped several times, then leapt lightly over a low thorny shrub and was gone, bearing the handkerchief aloft like a signal flag.

After many similar experiments with the bucks or antelopes, Captain Harris was ready to turn his attention toward larger game. Outside the game reserves there

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were no rhinos, and felling a rhino was considered by all with whom he came in contact "as the supreme test of the mercy bullet." And this was how the test came off:

> Fortune played into my hands, for the Pretoria Zoological Gardens wanted a pair of baby rhinos, and commissioned me to get them. To show my optimism and the faith I had in my bullet, I built a crate to hold a rhino of the size I expected to get, packed clothing and a few days' supplies, and, loading all into a three-quarter-ton truck, started for the reserve. On all occasions my guide, A. T. T. Schreiber, accompanied me. We were joined at the entrance to the reserve by the provincial game conservator, and followed him into the reserve to our camp site.
>
> The first morning we came upon a rhino lying down beside a low mimosa shrub. We were practically in the open, with a rather poor chance of protecting ourselves in case of a charge, and I had with me only the gun loaded with mercy bullets, which could not possibly stop a charging animal. I approached within fifty feet of the rhino, but as soon as I raised my head so as to see the beast, two tick birds rose, screaming, from their feast of parasites from its back.
>
> The rhino rose, gave a snort like the bursting of a tire, rapidly wheeled and disappeared over the hill. Just as we were setting out to follow the spoor, it began to rain so heavily that we were forced to return to camp.
>
> For five days and five nights it rained almost without ceasing. We made no attempt to hunt, for we found it impossible to see a hundred feet ahead of us, because of the fog and rain. At the end of the fourth day we had only one day's supplies left. Fortunately, the sixth morning broke clear.
>
> We had breakfast just after sunrise, using part of our last day's supplies, and were soon off on the trail of a rhino. I knew that it would be necessary to leave the reserve the next day, and so I decided to try out the bullet on the first rhino that I could find within range. Our Kaffir guides spotted two rhinos a little distance from us, and we started to stalk them. While we were cautiously moving under cover, our guide suddenly halted us. Peering gingerly over the low bush that surrounded us, we saw, less than seventy-five feet ahead of us, a rhino with a calf almost her own size.

"While I had seen rhinos before, this was the first time that I had come suddenly upon one in the open, looking squarely at me," the writer tells us as his narrative runs on:

> I suppose that I shall never again see an animal look so formidable as this one. She had scented danger. Her head was held high, and the small, wide-set eyes, one on each side of her long, sharp horn, glittered wickedly, and her ears twitched. She seemed to present a perfect wedge from her nose to the bulk of her barrel. I realized at a glance that there was no chance for a shot with the mercy bullet.
>
> Working my way cautiously through the bush, I managed to find a place where I could get a fair shot. I fired. The bullet struck the rhino high up on the thigh, in the thick part of the hide. Being bright aluminum, the bullet could be plainly seen by all of us. The needle had pierced the

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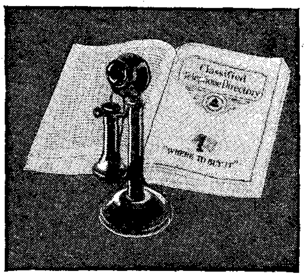

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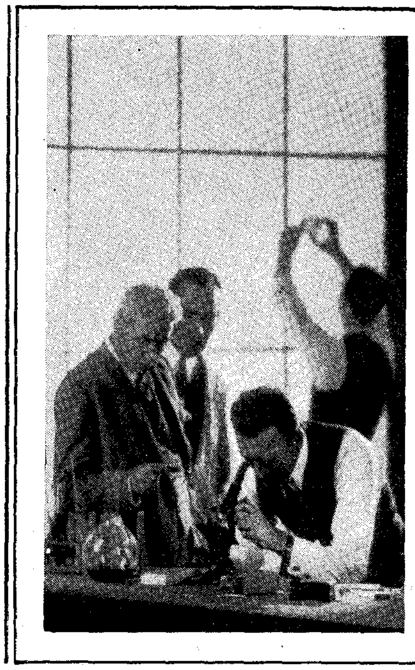

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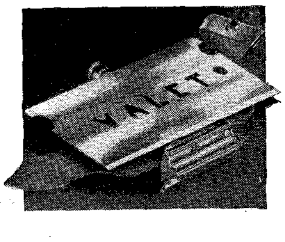

The NEW VALET Auto-Strop BLADE

BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

> rhino right up to the nose of the bullet. As I had been repeatedly told that the bullet could not pierce the hide of a full-grown rhino, this gave me quite a thrill. With apparently no resistance, it had been driven to the hilt with less powder than that contained in a .22-caliber shell.
>
> I immediately started to follow the wounded rhino, when the guide called out that it had left a small calf. We quickly spread out around the spot he indicated. Peeping through the bush, I saw the little fellow standing motionless. He thought he was unobserved. The game conservator and I both grabbed for it, he for a foreleg and I for a hind one. Fortunately, the legs we caught were on the same side, and so it took but a moment to get the beast on its back. We stifled its cries lest the mother hear it and come down upon us.
>
> Calling one of the boys who carried equipment, we selected soft webbing straps and soon had the little rhino's legs shackled so that it could not escape. Then we started out to follow the spoor of the mother. The ground was fairly soft after the rain, so we could follow the trail quite easily. After going about 200 yards, we could plainly see that the animal was staggering in such a manner as to be almost down, while the spoor of the larger calf paralleled hers in a straight, unfaltering line. A little further on, a great herd of wildebeest and zebra cut across the trail and entirely obliterated it, and so we were obliged to give up the hunt.

INSHAR, THE AQUATIC OSTRICH

DISTRACTED Inshar, wet to the skin and very much surprized, was running in and out among the reeds on the river bank. She had been for her first swim, having accidentally fallen into the water, and she wasn't quite sure how she liked it.

Her friends from the African-veld farm took Inshar, the young ostrich, back home and dried her, Vincent A. Wager tells us in the *Nature Magazine.* She was no worse for the wetting, and by the next day, indeed, she had decided that swimming was great sport. Mr. Wager and others started out for a dip, accompanied by Inshar and a puppy.

Urging and calling failed to lure the frightened young dog into the water. But Inshar had lost all fear, and seemed even eager to repeat her experience of the day before. To the amazement of all the humans:

> Without the slightest hesitation, the baby ostrich stept into the shallow water and started wading toward us. When she got out of her depth, she started swimming, and soon scrambled into our arms in the middle of the pool. None of us had ever heard of an ostrich being able to swim, but Inshar seemed to enjoy it immensely, and swam around us quite like a duck. After this aquatic exhibition, Inshar regularly accompanied us on our visits to the bathing-pool.

Inshar had been found when about two days old by M'gen, a native herd-boy on the African farm, who brought her to the owner's house. Her history was obscure, and we are told further:

> When questioned about his find, the picanin was vague, probably owing to the fact that he was loath to tell us that many of her brothers and sisters were to be the main item of the feast at the kraal that night. Ostriches were commonly met with in the veld a few miles from the farm, and the picanin, in his daily wanderings with the cattle, must have spotted a nest.
>
> The rancher had too many animals to care for without worrying about a pet, so that Inshar led a very precarious existence for the first fortnight of her life on the farm. When I arrived in the Lowveld for a month's holiday, the duty of feeding her was gladly handed over to me. Inshar was then about as large as a fowl, but owing to her very irregular meals was exceedingly thin.
>
> The skin hung loosely around her massive legs in folds like pajamas. Her body was covered with small spines like a hedgehog, while her neck was clothed with soft fur like a rabbit. To make up for such ugliness, however, she had the most glorious long eyelashes, more in keeping with those of a cat. A more peculiar or interesting little pet would be hard to imagine.
>
> During her capture, the baby ostrich must have received some injury to her beak, for she appeared to be quite incapable of feeding herself. This, however, was not for want of trying, for Inshar spent the greater part of her time pecking away at marks on the floor, and even at such edible objects as pebbles or mealies, but without ever being able to pick them up.
>
> Feeding, therefore, was not exactly an enjoyable process, for it meant being roughly gripped between someone's knees and having her struggling mouth held wide open while a couple of dozen mealies or pieces of bread or mealie meal were poured in. We had rather vague ideas as to what food was suitable for a baby ostrich, but remembering the saying, "a digestion like an ostrich," we trusted to luck, and Inshar got a varied diet.
>
> Inshar slept in a box under the couch, and during the day, was confined to the living-room. Owing to the intense heat in the Lowveld, the farmhouses, which are made of poles and clay with a thatched roof and mud floors, are built with an eye to coolness, and the doors and windows have gauze-covered frames. Being endowed with a good imagination, Inshar daily stood for hours on end in front of the door pecking at the gauze, and by the way she was swallowing, she must have been enjoying a grand feed of the grass fifty yards away.

When she was about a fortnight old, Inshar was allowed out under someone's watchful eye for a run. And great was the furor that her début caused among the denizens of the poultry-yard. For instance:

> The fowls were greatly astonished at the sudden arrival of such a peculiar feathered creature, and did not quite know what to make of her. The ostrich, however, was most unconcerned and calmly walked over to see what the fuss was about. With clucks of alarm, they gave way respectfully, save for one domineering old hen that eagerly came forward to put the newcomer in its place. Attracted by

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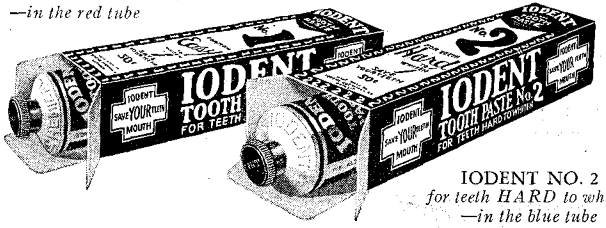

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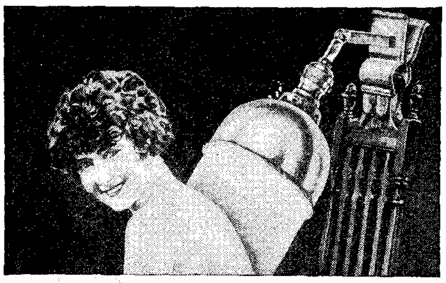

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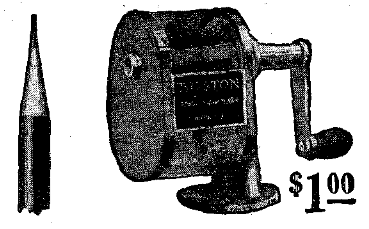

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

the brightness of the fowl's eye, Inshar made a peck at it, and the hen, dismayed by such irregular procedure retired in great disorder.

The dogs lying in the shade of the veranda or surrounding trees never felt quite safe when Inshar was about, for she took great delight in walking around them, pecking at their eyes or lolling tongues, and, in fact, she was greatly disliked by all the farm animals on this account. Whether Inshar was absolutely dauntless, or else a perfect fool, we could never make out, for the growls and snarls of the dogs, or the hard pecks of the fowls, made not the slightest impression on her.

As she showed no signs of running way, Inshar was soon allowed to roam at will all day long, and was always to be found wandering around with the fowls. If you tried to catch her, Inshar would lead you a merry race, and if you weren't very fresh, would usually win; but if you stood still and called her and made a display of mealies, she could always be enticed within reach.

Inshar was very companionable, and and would follow wherever you went. It was quite comical the way she stalked along behind you beside the dogs, and she never tired on a long walk. Her love of following people soon led to her visiting the native compound a few hundred yards from the house, and she spent many hours in the company of the picanins and pigs.

ELEPHANT SOLDIERS IN INDIA

HER own legs were good enough for Sylvia. She didn't hold with such newfangled notions as railroads. But she said nothing about it. She waited until it was time to act; and then she acted in no uncertain manner. When she was put in the truck on the Indian railroad, Capt. Graham Archibald Hope tells us in *The American Boy and Youth's Companion,* she picked up her attendant with her trunk—for Sylvia was an elephant—and put him outside, out of harm's way. Then, "without any noticeable sign of anger, and without hurry or effort, she smashed the truck to matchwood and scrap-iron, and stept out of the ruins! The railroad company made two more trucks, especially for her. But Sylvia preferred traveling on her own feet, and in the game of railroad company versus Sylvia, Sylvia won." Captain Hope writes entertainingly of his experiences with elephants in the Indian Army. The captain, we read, served with a battery of elephant-drawn artillery thirty years ago, before these great beasts were given their honorable discharges from such service. Continuing the account:

> During that service I learned that Hathi, as we call her in India, was in some ways a fine, and in some ways a terrible, soldier. I say "her," because we used only cow elephants. Bulls, tho highly ornamental, are far too uncertain of temper to be used for draft. Goodness knows, the cow can be troublesome enough on occasions.

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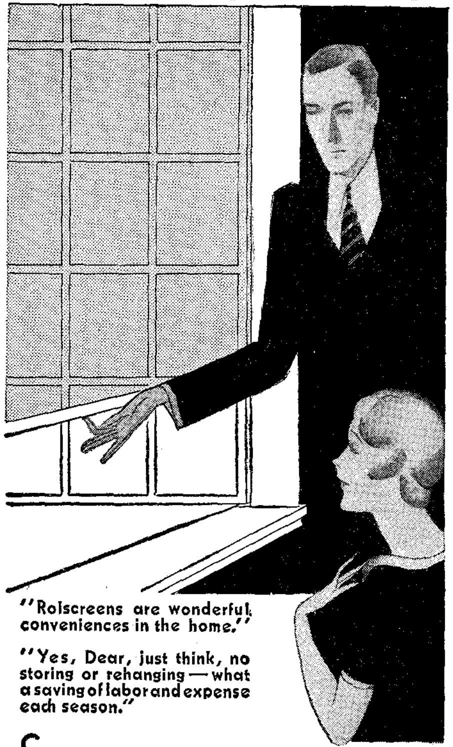
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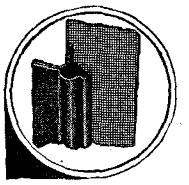

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is that the great majority never saw a man, except to run away from him, till they were full grown. Yet, in spite of being one of the shyest of animals in the wild, Hathi needs no more than a year's gentling and training to become a peaceful, hard-working friend of man.

But temperamental.

While a cow elephant is ordinarily more gentle even than a horse, she resents being fooled with, and when the fooling passes beyond what she considers bearable bounds, the result is apt to be startling!

The story of Sylvia and the truck is told in support of this. Then we advance to other details:

A team of artillery elephants, two of them harnessed tandem, make nothing on ordinary ground of the five-ton loads behind them. But when there's danger of coming under fire, we invariably have to substitute eight oxen for the two elephants. Elephants are most subject to panic when they think they are in danger, and of nothing are they so afraid as of the singing of bullets, unless it be a small dog, or worse still, a mouse.

I have been under fire with them once, thanks to some native infantry recruits, who were missing the small mountain which served as the butt for their rifle practise. Luckily, we were able to hustle out of the danger zone before the elephants took fright. Another battery, at Mooltan in the Punjab, not many years before, was not so lucky.

There were six-gun carriages and limbers in this battery. The mahout sitting on the neck of the flank elephant said that a hornet or a bee buzzing past him, started the trouble. But if it had been a hornet or bee, the elephant would have done no more than squirt some dust at it to drive it away. More probably it was a bullet, gone astray from the range. Whatever it was, it set the flank elephant off, and if one elephant of a bunch gets scared enough to bolt, the rest will follow him. The result was a helter-skelter stampede. The white gunners on the limbers tumbled off at once, but the mahouts stuck to their places bravely. By the time they regained control, six or eight miles further on, there was nothing left for the elephants to pull—everything smashable in the six-gun carriages and limbers had been scattered over the landscape.

But normally, cow elephants behave very well, and enjoy using their strength. To see them at their best you must watch them getting the guns up some of the rocky buttes of southern India, up slopes that make you dismount and wish you had as many legs as your horse. Literally, they get down to their job, for if the slope is very bad, they crawl up on their bellies. And they always get the guns up. I never knew an elephant that was a quitter.

One hears a lot about elephants' memories, and not without reason. To me, at least, their long memories and their great capacity for friendship are proven facts.

Take the new elephant that joined the battery. Until her first day on parade, she couldn't possibly have seen any of the other animals. But after parade, as soon as the elephants had been stript, she and an old battery elephant, who had well over twenty years of service, made a dash at each other, twined their trunks, thumped and bumped each other, and gurgled and squeaked as elephants do when they are specially pleased with life. Finally, they lumbered off to the water trough, holding

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Again, tests conducted in such widely separated universities as those of California and Pennsylvania reveal that probably 50% of the students enrolled are infected.

There can be no doubt that tiny *tinea trichophyton* has made itself at home in America!

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One of the worst features of "Athlete's Foot" is that it is most apt to be contracted in the very places where people go for health and cleanliness and recreation! In spite of the most rigid sanitary precautions, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors —on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—even on hotel bath-mats. And from such places it is carried into millions of homes to infect whole families!

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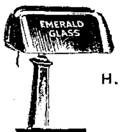

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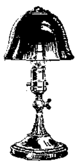

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Continued

trunks, and chattering nineteen to the dozen.

If, as the mahouts said, they were old friends, their friendship must have dated from jungle days. The new elephant had been captured less than three years previously, and had never been near the battery till that day. After twenty years, they had recognized each other at once, and were delighted to meet again. After all, twenty years is not a great slice out of an elephant's life, which runs to well over a hundred. There was an elephant in our battery known to have been in captivity for seventy years, who showed no sign whatever of failing strength!

Elephants "show good sense when they are under medical treatment," Captain Hope assures us, proceeding:

Hathi usually has wit enough to know that the doctor is working to relieve pain or discomfort, and therefore she is the best patient possible. A certain Jumbo in the London zoo had an appalling abscess on the jaw, which had to be lanced. The first cut, which made him scream with pain and bolt away, was not sufficient. The surgeon, seeing Jumbo's panic, was doubtful and very nervous about making a second incision. The keeper, however, knew better, and after petting and talking a while to his charge, he told him to come back. Jumbo came, tho he was trembling all over with fear, and of his own accord he put his head down within reach and allowed the cut to be made.

When hot weather comes, you give elephants some cooling medicine, done up in a pill camouflaged with sugar and things she likes. Tho she takes in the sweet thing easily, she spots the medicine as soon as she bites it, and seeing no reason for eating something very nasty, she spits it out. No amount of persuasion will make her open her mouth again to take it in. At last, two men force the protesting elephant's mouth open, while a third rams in the pill. Hathi owns herself beat, and, to judge by the movements of her throat, swallows the pill.

But watch her from a distance, till she thinks that no one is looking. She takes up some dust, turns her head back, and blows it on her flank to discourage the flies, and then turns back again, as innocent as you please. But mahouts know even more than elephants, and one of them goes round to pick up the pill that Hathi had stowed away in her cheek till she saw a chance of spitting it out again. This is too much for her. With a squeak of dismay she bolts, a mahout after her. Presently he leads her back by the ear. Her head is tilted to one side and she's yelling blue murder like a naughty child.

Now at last she gives in, and, whimpering and protesting, she swallows the pill, opens her mouth wide to show that it is gone, and then pitches into her big flour cakes, as cheerfully as possible. The funny thing is that she never makes any real use of her strength. If she did, nothing short of a powerful locomotive could successfully oppose her. Yet the lean little brown man lugs her along much as he would a protesting youngster.

Hathi is very fond of being petted. You can't take her on your lap and pet her, but you can tickle her and scratch her under the chin and behind the ears, and

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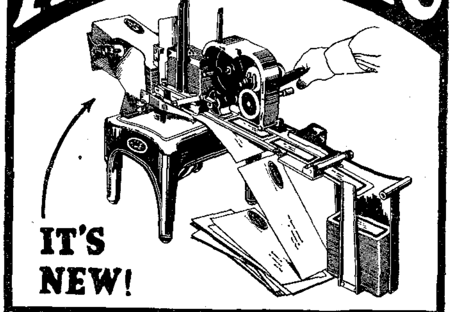

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talk to her as you would to any other animal. All the while she will show her pleasure by funny little squeaks, and by caressing you with her trunk. She can be playful, too, but much as I like elephants, I prefer to keep clear of playful ones. Their sense of humor is on too large a scale.

We had a cheerful, middle-aged Hathi in our battery who loved a joke as much as she did sugar-cane. She played one on me, one day, to the great delight of the mahouts and her friends.

In charge of four men, the twelve elephants had gone for an afternoon's romp in a lake, "a thing they greatly enjoyed," we are told as we came to an example of this pranksomeness:

When I was riding up to the lines in the evening I caught them on the way home. They all certainly felt good, especially the joke merchant, who had no man on her neck. When I was level with the herd, about fifty yards from it, she stopt, looked at me for a moment, and then cocked her ears and rolled up her trunk tight. Trumpeting like a wild bull elephant, she charged.

We didn't wait for her, my horse and I, but went off at a rate of knots. Of course she couldn't catch us, and I don't suppose she wanted to. What she wanted to do—and did—was to scare us stiff and make us run. When I pulled up and looked round, I saw her capering about after the manner of her five-ton kind, waving her trunk and laughing to beat the band. Yes, laughing! An elephant laughs all right, with a sort of shrill, cackling squeak. Her pals, including the mahouts, were laughing, too. They laughed all the way home, and when I went to see the elephants fed, the joke merchant was still chuckling.

Elephants can think for themselves, and even seem to have a rough code of conduct, as crows most certainly have. The biggest elephant in the battery, Anarkully, was a bad bully. She had thrashed all her companions, except one, called Sooksoondry. She made a special victim of Zirra, a very small elephant, well under eight feet high. Managing to get loose one night, she went over to Zirra and began to hammer her without mercy.

Sooksoondry was the one I mentioned as having seventy years of service. She was not as tall as Anarkully, but more heavily built, and the handsomest cow elephant I ever saw. Perhaps the strongest, too. If a tethered elephant really wants to get loose, she can generally manage it, and hearing Zirra's laments, she got loose and went across to take a hand. She began by butting Anarkully—the bully—fair and square in the ribs, knocking her endways. Then she cut loose, and, not giving Anarkully a chance to get up, she thrashed and kicked her into submission. After the thrashing, she drove Anarkully back to her place.

After that Anarkully let the other elephants alone. I might add that she was Sooksoondry's leader, and as she would always shirk pulling if she could, it is quite likely that they had had words before, which came to a head in this manner. Anyhow, poor little Zirra, who only stood about seven feet six inches, and must have weighed considerably under four tons, was forever after left in peace.

Good companions, and good workers—elephants—and tho they proved useless under fire, I couldn't help feeling a pang of regret when they got their discharge from the service.

"and he used to be so FAT"

Now he always looks smartly groomed—and so popular, too!

Reduce That Bulging Waistline INSTANTLY—not to be troubled with even the slight bother of changing!

No matter how long it took you to "put it on," you can rid yourself of that bulging waistline instantly.

The moment you put on this new "InchesOFF" Abdominal Belt, you lose—to all appearances—from ten to twenty pounds. *And you feel like a new man.*

No more sagging abdominal muscles. No more slumping into chairs or straining to lace shoes. Instead, an immediate strengthening of the back—a gradual firming up of the body walls—a feeling of *support* that makes all the difference in the world in your bodily comfort.

The Easy Way To Take Off Weight

You put it on in a jiffy—over your shirt and inside your trousers. No one dreams you have it on, because it buttons to the trousers and really becomes a part of them. *Discard your leather belt and suspenders—you won't need them any more! For this InchesOFF Abdominal Belt holds your trousers snugly to the waist, with the greatest comfort and security.* And all day long, as you wear it, its gentle massaging action is loosening the fatty tissue and making it disappear. Without the least effort, it scientifically does the work.

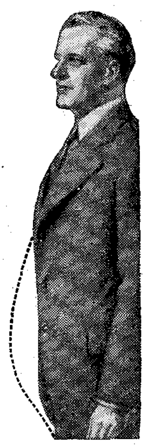
Worn By Influential Business and Professional Men

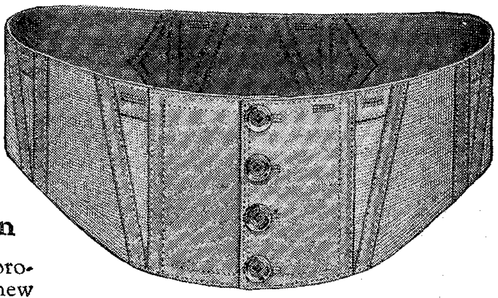
Scores of prominent business and professional men are already wearing this new and perfected abdominal belt. One of the best known men in radio—a man whose name has been heard in millions of homes—states that he wouldn't be without this belt a single day. One of the leading physicians in New York recently ordered three (for daytime, sports and full dress.) A business leader whose name has many times made the front page of every important newspaper in the country lately ordered an even dozen, for as many different suits—so as

Two to Three Inches Off Your Girth—At Once!

Really there's no sense in looking fatter than you are—just because your waistline is not properly supported. Especially when the simple belt shown below will take two to three inches off your girth immediately!

Study the belt shown below. Note how it is reinforced—and observe that the elastic portion is woven in combination with an exclusive patented material that launders without injury. Won't overstretch, lose shape, run, pull or break. Outwears three times any other fabric. Porous, cool, comfortable. Will not creep, ride, bulge, loosen or wrinkle. You'll look better and feel better the minute you put one on.





Wear It 10 Days on Trial

Let us send you on 10-days' trial this abdominal belt. See for yourself how it actually accomplishes waistline reduction and control. You needn't risk a cent. Wear it 10 days—then decide if you want to keep it. Our guarantee and responsibility is backed by capital and resources in excess of $10,000,000. You owe it to your personal comfort, your appearance, *and your health,* to write for all the facts today. Address

The Sandfelder Co., 100 E. Ohio Street, Dept. 134, Chicago

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

THE WORLD SLUMP IN SILVER

MR. CHIMANRAM MOTILAL attained momentary world fame a few days ago.

He stept into the silver market with his personally conducted raid on the shorts, which caused a slight rebound after silver had sunk to its lowest price in history.

But, after all, Mr. Motilal of Bombay wrote only a brief chapter in the long story of the decline and fall of silver. This decline "is one of the major economic curiosities of the age," as *The Business Week* observes. And when silver plunged down to the low level of 43 7-8 cents an ounce, the low for all time, the effects spread far beyond the circle of speculators and financial experts. In Spain, the exchange value of the peseta dropt sharply in sympathy. From China, according to the Boston *News Bureau*, came the news that the Nanking Government was facing "commercial ruin from the tobogganing of silver prices." "Wide-spread hardship is threatened in Mexico, as mines which have been operated since the days of Cortez, and before, are finding it profitless to operate," comments *The American Banker*. It is a crushing blow to the hopeful miners in our own Rockies, writes Arthur Chapman, in the New York *Herald Tribune*—

> In consequence of this heavy fall in value, one finds Senator Pittman, of Nevada, offering a resolution putting a tariff on silver, to protect the United States from being made a "dumping-ground" for cheap silver from other countries. It is not an encouraging outlook for those gray-bearded optimists of the silver-camps of the West, who have been firm in their faith, through all these years, that silver would again "make things hum," as in the old days.

And the indirect results spread farther—"the price of cotton in the United States has already been adversely affected because of the prospective decline in the buying power of the Chinese, who are large consumers of cotton goods." Of course, the New York *World* goes on to explain, "when the value of silver drops, commodity prices in a silver-standard country go up, and a sharp rise in living costs is adding a new problem to the many which already are harassing the Chinese Government." *The Wall Street Journal* has more to say on this point:

> The trade with China is of vast importance to the commercial nations of the world.
>
> With the United States alone it amounts to over $300,000,000 a year. Indirectly its trade with the United States is much more. One instance is that of cotton. It is one of England's greatest customers for cotton goods, which England makes from American cotton. The drop in silver means that Chinese exchange must decline. The purchasing power of silver therefore reacts on all countries with merchandise to sell. China is not only a purchaser of goods, but a borrower in the money markets of the world.

The price of silver fluctuated between 45 and 70 cents an ounce between 1900 and 1916, rose to over $1.30 during the war period, then dropt sharply to around 60 or 70 cents, remaining at about that level until the end of 1926, when it started a downward trend, climaxing in the low price of 43 7-8 cents on January 8. This fluctuation is the text of a discussion in the Alexander Hamilton Institute's *Business Conditions Weekly*. It notes, first, the depressing effect on the silver market when the Royal Commission on Indian Currency recommended the adoption of a gold standard for India, and the eventual elimination of silver. And then—

> In addition to the potential drop in India's takings of silver, and the prospect of supplies gradually coming on the market, the demand for silver for monetary purposes has lessened. European nations economized in the use of silver during the war period, and while silver prices were high, coinage was melted and sold as bullion. Demand for coinage purposes has not recovered, the use of alloys and lesser proportions of silver having been found satisfactory.

The following table is presented, showing how important in the silver market is the demand from the Far East:

SILVER CONSUMPTION, 1925-1928
(*Million fine ounces*)

	1925	*1926*	*1927*	*1928*
India	106.7	91.6	90.0	89.0
China	59.4	73.9	85.0	124.0
Germany	14.3	12.5	16.7	10.8
Arts and manufactures, U. S. and England	36.0	39.5	40.0	39.5
Coinage, U. S. and Mexico*	20.3	10.8	6.5	13.6
Other	15.4	26.0	31.4	31.5

---

*Included, in 1928, Netherlands and Russia.

To continue this discussion by the writer for the Alexander Hamilton Institute:

> Silver production has increased, and the supply is comparatively inelastic, due to the fact that the greater part of the world's production comes from the incidental operations of other mining companies rather than from silver mines. It is estimated that approximately three-quarters of the production comes from gold, copper, zinc, and lead mines, and one-fourth from silver mines. A decline in the price of silver affects the revenues of the mines in which silver is an incidental product, but so long as the return from recovering silver can add anything to the mine's income, there is no incentive to cease production.
>
> The use of silver in the arts has increased, but as indicated in the foregoing table of consumption, this use accounts for but a small proportion of the annual takings of silver. Some sixty million ounces is estimated as the annual demand of the motion-picture industry, but treatment of old films permits the recovery of about four-fifths of the silver used, reducing the net demand to around twelve million ounces.
>
> While the industrial use has increased, the gain has proceeded concurrently with the lessened use of silver for monetary purposes.
>
> The drop in silver has, naturally, affected the Far Eastern exchanges, the rupee, tael, and Hongkong dollar all weakening with the slump in silver prices. The unfavorable factors bearing on prices have been indicated above. They may be summarized as (1) the prospective lessened demand from India with (2) the impending sale over a term of years of heavy Indian stocks, (3) disturbances in China and the piling up of stocks in that country, (4) lessened use of silver for subsidiary coinage in Great Britain, France, and other European countries. As influences of a more favorable nature there is the conclusion that, with silver prices at all-time low levels, sales from India are not likely to add to the demoralization of the market. While low silver prices add to the cost of living in China, and act as a barrier against imports, they should be a stimulus to exports and, given stable conditions in the country, China may work back to a larger consumption of the metal. India's consumption, while lessened for monetary uses, is likely to remain heavy. It is to be doubted if silver prices will exhibit a marked recovery from the decline which has proceeded since 1926. But unless new adverse factors develop, it is not unlikely that present levels approximately represent the balance between supply and demand, and that the trend should be toward stability or a slow firming of prices.

In recent years Mexico has been producing an annual average of 100,000,000 ounces of silver, and, if the silver crisis is not met, thousands of workmen will be thrown out of a job, we read in a Mexico City dispatch to the New York *Times*, which quotes one silver producer, Mr. Walter Palmer, as saying:

> The only remedy I can see is for Mexico to give her silver industry what might be called artificial respiration by coining a certain proportion of its annual production, large enough to enable the mining operators to pay mining wages. In other words, putting into effect a law similar to the Pittman Act, which

1929 —— A PEAK YEAR IN BOND SALES AND NEW CUSTOMERS

During 1929, when the pursuit of speculative profits in securities held the interest of all classes—upsetting the long established conservative policies of many investors . . . . . .

Halsey, Stuart & Co. sold more bonds to investors than ever before in its history.

Also, during this period of predominant interest in speculation rather than investment. . . . .

Halsey, Stuart & Co. gained more new customers than during any previous year.

In 1925, the following statement was published in Halsey, Stuart & Co. advertising. This statement stands unchanged . . . . . .

*Halsey, Stuart & Co. deals only in *bonds—strictly those of conservative types. It aims to sell a customer bonds which exactly suit his requirements and fit in with his other holdings as to maturity, marketability and diversification.*

**Bonds—Notes—Debentures*

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AND *OTHER PRINCIPAL CITIES*

THE PROGRAM THAT DOES MORE THAN ENTERTAIN

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9 P. M. Eastern Standard Time
8 P. M. Central Standard Time
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Develop Technique

Just as much depends upon it in Business as in Art or Sport

Technique in Business is that skilled and refined procedure which harmonizes mind with method and motion. Business that has it—individuals that have it—accomplish more, and do better work with less effort, less time and less waste.

Not long ago Business shied at the use of a term, or a practice, which had anything to do with Art—or even Sport. Not so now.

Modern Accountancy has shown not only that Modern Business *is an art,* but that its great advance is due to its recognition, and its application, of exactly the same factors and methods which have produced great Art—and made Sport so universal and so interesting.

In the control of your business—in the method or system of your management—in the endless operations of all material functions—*develop technique.*

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TULSA
WACO
WASHINGTON
WHEELING
WILMINGTON, DEL.
WINSTON-SALEM
YOUNGSTOWN

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

was enforced in the United States for a similar transitory period, and in the meantime endeavor to get the cooperation of Canada and the United States and some European countries to make a more extensive use of silver.

The silver situation brings this editorial comment from *The American Banker:*

> For the time being the silver producers are concentrating the prospects for stimulating a revived demand for their product on the thought that it could be more widely used in coinage, particularly of token money, such as our silver change. The United States silver coin represents simply a long-wearing sort of bill, passing as money, not because of its weight and worth as silver but because of its implied promise to pay a given worth and weight of gold. Perhaps it might be possible to work out a cost table showing that it was cheaper to manufacture coins than to distribute new paper money every eight months, or so fast as it wears out. But the weight of the silver, even if a dollar were reduced in silver content to as little as a quarter-dollar now contains, would find few Americans carrying around their bank-roll in silver.
>
> The monetary future of silver is not particularly bright, altho it is quite possible that a shortage in gold in the future may create a new demand for bimetalism again.

CHEAPER TRAVEL BY AIR

The inauguration of a five-cent-a-mile rate for airplane travel marks "the beginning of real progressive and popular aviation in the United States."

That is the opinion of commercial and governmental authorities on aviation, reports J. C. Royle in a Consolidated Press dispatch from Washington. These aviation experts are said to realize "that at one step the American industry has covered the progress it had taken the European air lines twelve years to cover." As Mr. Royle notes:

> That step was the reduction by one of the air-transport corporations of combined air and rail fares from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to a basis less than the straight rail fare with added charges for Pullman transportation, and by reducing the rate for air travel between intermediate points to a basis of five cents a mile.
>
> The remainder of the concerns in the industry are not a bit backward in the move. They are taking similar action on their own lines, yet it was only since January 1 that the cross-Channel travel from London to Paris by air was reduced below the level of combined rail and boat tariffs.

Interstate Commerce Commissioner Ernest I. Lewis is quoted as saying:

> There is small doubt that the announced rate reduction for air travel between New York and Los Angeles will stimulate interest in travel by air, but until the great mass of the American people become air-minded, the rail carriers have little to

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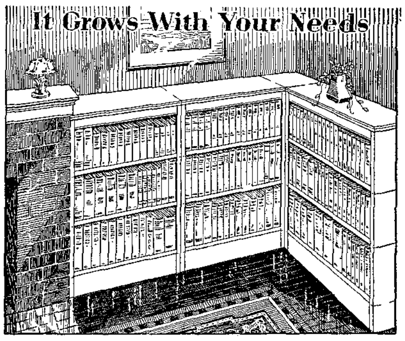
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"What'll We Have For Dinner Today?" Asks the Cook

Well, if you want the family to eat the MOST NOURISHING food, the MOST APPETIZING food,—the food that will STAVE OFF INDIGESTION and other stomach trouble, and the food that is most suitable for the season of the year, then let yourself be guided by the suggestions in the newly-revised edition of that helpful work

EATING VITAMINES

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS
National Authority on Nutrition

Here are two hundred choice, tested recipes and seasonal menus, *dishes rich in vitamines,* insuring health for the dyspeptic, better health for the growing child, the nursing mother, and all who suffer from malnutrition. The book describes Vitamines A, B, C, D, and the newly discovered anti-sterility Vitamine E, giving the qualities of each, and names of foods that contain them. Illustrated. 141 pages.

12mo. Cloth. $1.50; $1.64, postpaid

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

ear in the way of appreciable reductions n passenger traffic.

Gen. John F. O'Ryan is reported by the New York *Times* as expressing the belief that air-mindedness may be general in two years. *The Times* suggests that it may come sooner, through rates as low as those for all-rail transportation—

> Once the public understands that planes in use are equipped with safety appliances, and that competent pilots are always at the controls on regular transportation lines, there will come a wide acceptance of the airplane as a means of travel in the United States.

MORE NEGLECT OF THE WORKING-GIRL

SURPRIZE is registered by the New York *Journal of Commerce* over the failure of merchandisers of women's wear to make a direct appeal to the nine or ten million women occupied throughout most of their working hours in working for wages. This is what the New York paper calls "romantic merchandising":

> People whose daytime leisure is limited to Saturday half-holidays and Sundays are seldom offered clothes for shops and offices. Instead they are urged to buy these necessities under the name of "sports" garments or some other unsuitable designation. This "make-believe" practise of addressing the woman buyer as a person of abundant leisure and crowded social engagements may sometimes have value in dollars and cents in the appeal that it makes to the romantic imaginings of easily deluded customers, but it is a source of irritation to many more realistically minded. Furthermore, the practise results in depriving the prospective customer of much of the advice and direction required to make suitable selection, that it should be the purpose of good advertising methods to supply.
>
> Would it not pay to give more recognition to the existence of the important group of women in industry, whose clothing requirements are conditioned by various utilitarian considerations? A recent attempt on the part of clothing manufacturers to discount the importance of such utilitarian considerations has proved to be an unfortunate venture in terms of dollars and cents for some of them. Is it not equally true that the systematic neglect of this working group by advertisers is an evidence of poor judgment that it would be profitable to rectify?

There's No Escape.—
Lean men and clean men,
Wild men and mild men,
Wee men and he-men,
Numb men and dumb men,
Tailor men and sailor men,
Pinch hitters, steam fitters,
Golf players, man slayers
Jobbers and robbers
Get married.

Tall girls and small girls,
Big girls and trig girls,
Neat girls and sweet girls,
Cash girls and rash girls,
Bad girls and sad girls,
Circus riders, home abiders,
Opera singers, hash slingers,
Crooks and cooks
Marry them.—*London Opinion.*

Burlington
inaugurates a new
Anniversary Fleet
of three
de luxe trains

THREE distinguished flyers . . . newest, most modern of the West's great trains . . . to commemorate a railroad's eighty years in the service of the West.

You will enjoy the quiet elegance of their new type *matched* Pullmans. And their smart, modern appointments: cushion-spring mattresses, real reading lamps in each berth, adjustable seats, rubber cushioned windows, spacious dressing rooms.

Each train carries a delightful *full-length* lounge car with radio, buffet, library, solarium, restful chairs and inviting divans.

Distinctively new is the mid-train salon car on the Blackhawk and Ak-Sar-Ben. Opening on its charming club lounge are bedrooms, compartments and drawing room which may be had individually or *en suite*, in any combination.

The Burlington invites you to enjoy the smart equipment and friendly hospitality of these new trains. There are no finer trains in the world.

the BLACKHAWK
CHICAGO—ST. PAUL—MINNEAPOLIS

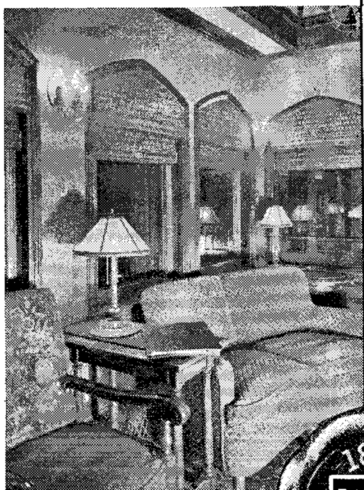
Northbound		Southbound
6:30 pm Lv.	CHICAGO	Ar. 8:40 am
7:00 am Ar	ST. PAUL	Lv. 8:45 pm
7:35 am Ar.	MINNEAPOLIS	Lv. 8:10 pm

the AK-SAR-BEN
CHICAGO—OMAHA—LINCOLN

Westbound		Eastbound
6:15 pm Lv.	CHICAGO	Ar. 8:45 am
7:30 am Ar.	OMAHA	Lv. 8:30 pm
9:05 am Ar.	LINCOLN	Lv. 7:00 pm

the ARISTOCRAT
CHICAGO—OMAHA—DENVER

Westbound		Eastbound
10:30 am Lv.	CHICAGO	Ar. 7:45 pm
11:30 pm Ar.	OMAHA	Lv. 6:45 am
1:10 pm Ar.	DENVER	Lv. 3:45 pm



(Above) New type Pullmans achieve unusual comfort, privacy, beauty
(Left) Half the mid-train salon car is a lounge as smart as a town club

1850 Burlington Route 1930

THE CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY RAILROAD

Cash or Sympathy?

Would you prefer.........$25 Weekly or.....SYMPATHY? In case of death would you give your family......$10,000 Cash or.......SYMPATHY?

Sympathy will not pay bills!

A $10 BILL

will protect you for a whole year against

SICKNESS AND ACCIDENTS

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION

Anyone 16 to 70 Years Accepted

OLDEST and Largest Exclusive Health & Accident Company in America.

$10,000 Principal Sum

$10,000 Loss of Hands, Feet or Eyesight
$25 Weekly Benefit for Stated Accidents or Sicknesses

DOCTOR'S BILLS, Hospital Benefit and other attractive features to help you in time of need, all as shown in policy

GET CASH—Not Sympathy!

in case of automobile, travel, pedestrian and many other common accidents. Can you afford to have your salary stop, pay doctor and household expenses, in case of illness, such as lobar pneumonia, appendicitis operation, etc., or any of the many common sicknesses covered in this strong policy? Protect yourself! Get Cash instead of Sympathy! **Don't wait for misfortune to overtake you.**

MAIL THE COUPON NOW

North American Accident Insurance Co. [of Chicago]
406 Wallach Bldg., Newark, New Jersey.

Gentlemen:

At no cost to me, send details of the "NEW $10 PREMIER $10,000 POLICY"

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Address....................................

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AFRAID TO WEAR A DARK SUIT?

Why *tolerate* dandruff?

It *can* be checked

Here's a simple, sane treatment—recommended by physicians for 60 years and proved effective by millions of men. It combines nature's two most effective remedies for dandruff: *cleanliness* and *pine tar*.

Wet your hair. Work the rich, tonic pine tar lather of Packer's Tar Soap well into the scalp. Rinse. Again lather, massage and rinse thoroughly. (Final rinse should be cold to close the pores.) Dry thoroughly.

In severe cases, do this every other day until the scalp clears up. In milder cases, every 4 or 5 days. Then, to prevent recurrence, keep up *regular* weekly Packer shampoos. Now-and-then care won't keep your scalp dandruff-free.

Sample Cake and book on hair health—10¢. Packer's, Dept. 4-B, 101 W. 31st St., New York

PACKER'S Tar Soap

CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

January 23.—The delegates to the Five-Power Naval Limitation Conference in London outline the naval needs of their respective countries, Secretary Stimson, head of the American delegation, saying that "if this conference can find a way by which a general reduction can be secured, our own Navy can be likewise reduced."

As a protest against Soviet propaganda in Mexico, the Mexican Government, it is announced, has recalled her Minister at Moscow.

January 24.—The Norwegian Government informs the American Government that it will instruct Norwegian whalers in the Antarctic to assist the Byrd expedition.

January 25.—Arthur Henderson, British Foreign Minister, is reported to have announced the surrender of special missionary privileges in China. The missionaries assert the time is unripe for such a surrender without permanently impairing the fruits of decades of labor. Under the present arrangement missionaries are permitted to reside in the interior as well as in the treaty ports.

January 26.—Nationalists and Communists engage in free-for-all fighting in celebrating India's "independence day," the Communists denouncing the non-violence campaign of Mahatma Gandhi, independence leader.

January 27.—The House of Commons approves, 278 to 193, the ratification of the optional clause of the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague, under which Great Britain pledges her word to accept the jurisdiction of the World Court in all disputes with any foreign Power which also has signed the optional clause, provided that the dispute is of a kind that can be settled by a court on rules of law.

The British Government cancels plans for construction of the two 10,000-ton cruisers, *Surrey* and *Northumberland*.

January 28.—At the insistence of the American delegation, the plenary sessions of the London Naval Conference will be open to the press, it is announced.

Gen. Primo de Rivera resigns the Premiership of Spain after a dictatorship of six and a half years, and Gen. D'Amaso Berenguer is asked by the King to form a new government.

DOMESTIC

January 22.—Secretary of the Treasury Mellon recommends pending legislation to transfer Prohibition enforcement from the Treasury to the Department of Justice.

The driver and nine school children are killed as a train crashes into a school bus near Berea, Ohio.

Alexander P. Moore of Pittsburgh, former Ambassador to Spain, and more recently Ambassador to Peru, is nominated by President Hoover to be Ambassador to Poland. Edward E. Brodie, of Oregon, is nominated to be Minister to Finland.

January 23.—The State Department asks the British and Norwegian governments to instruct whaling vessels in the Ross Sea to take the Byrd expedition from the Ross Ice Barrier, where,

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Send 10c for assorted samples, to find *your* personal pen. Esterbrook Pen Co., 44 Cooper St., Camden, N. J.

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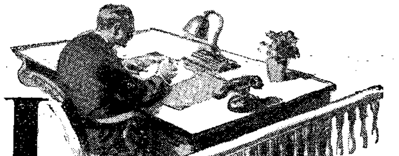

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MOST likely it is Higgins' Eternal—safest, most permanent and most beautiful because it writes jet BLACK and is especially made to remain so.

It costs you no more to give your business and personal writing the same protection and permanence as thousands of discriminating executives who specify Eternal consistently for important commercial, financial and legal writing as well as for everyday use.

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HIGGINS' Eternal black writing Ink

JET BLACK-NEVER FADES-PROOF AGAINST CHEMICALS

For Steel Pens & Fountain Pens

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because the expedition's own vessels are unable to reach them, the party is reported in an increasingly perilous position.

Chicago, which has defaulted on salaries to 40,182 public employees to the extent of $11,276,157 in the last six weeks, is reported unable to raise the money by the issuance of bonds and the sale of tax warrants.

January 24.—The Senate votes to restore hides, leather, boots and shoes to the free list, and other manufactured leather products to the present rates.

The Chicago City Council adopts a resolution asking Governor Emmerson to call a special session of the General Assembly to rescue the city from its financial predicament.

President Hoover issues an executive order temporarily barring the importation of parrots into the United States.

January 25.—Police break up an attempted demonstration by Communists in New York protesting against the shooting by the police of a Communist picket in the Bronx market workers' strike.

Clarence M. Young, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics, announces that passenger-carrying airplanes are now prohibited from flying lower than an altitude of 500 feet, and that if they are forced below that minimum by weather conditions they must land at the earliest opportunity.

Silas H. Strawn, chairman of the Chicago Citizens' Rescue Committee, says that the Committee is ready to operate, but that the city government must agree to a rigid economy program.

Representative L. C. Dyer of St. Louis presents to President Hoover personally a proposal for the legal manufacture of beverages containing 2.75 per cent. of alcohol as a move to "help enforcement of the Prohibition Law."

The Senate incorporates in the tariff bill Senator Harrison's amendment restricting the privilege of freedom from customs' examination to foreign diplomats.

January 26.—The airplane of Carl Ben Eielson and his mechanic, Earl Borland, missing since November 9, is found wrecked on the ice near the coast of Siberia by Pilots Joseph Crosson and Harold Gillam. Indications are that the plane plunged from a high altitude. The bodies of the aviators are believed buried in the snow.

January 27.—Five persons are killed in the crash of a monoplane near the Fairfax Airport in Kansas City, Kansas.

First Come Best Served.—An old darky was tending the coats upstairs in the Governor's mansion. He noticed a prominent politician tumbling them over, looking under the bed and so on.

"Kin I help you, suh?"

"I can't find my new hat; paid ten dollars for it yesterday."

"Bless you, suh. All the new hats bin gone over an hour or mo'."—*Boston Transcript.*

Racketeer of Tulips.—"Caroline is false to the league," a girl growled at a strawberry festival.

"False? How so?" said a visitor from the city.

"Here we are," the girl explained, "selling kisses for charity, and Caroline is bootlegging them outside in the moonlight."—*Springfield Union.*

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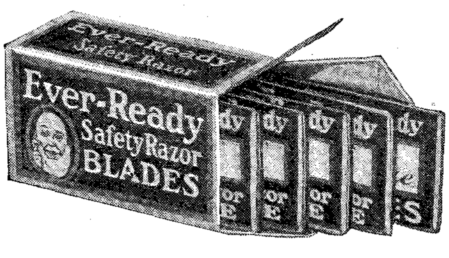

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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

gusto.—"L. H.," Douglaston, N. Y.—This word is pronounced *gus'to*—*g* as in *go*, *u* as in *but*, and *o* as in *obey*.

possessive case.—"A. V.," Zeeland, Mich.—"The English possessive case unquestionably originated in that form of the Saxon genitive which terminates in *es*, examples of which may be found in almost any specimen of the Saxon tongue, as 'On Herodes dagum,' 'In Herod's day'; 'Of Aarones dohtrum,' 'Of Aaron's daughters.' This ending was sometimes the same as that of the plural, and both were changed to *is* or *ys* before they became what we now find them. This termination added a syllable to the word, and Lowth suggests that the apostrophe was introduced to shorten it. But some contend that the use of this mark originated in a mistake. It appears from the testimony of Brightland, Johnson, Lowth, Priestly, and others, who have noticed the error in order to correct it, that an opinion was long entertained, that the termination *'s* was a contraction of the word *his*. It is certain that Addison thought so; for he expressly says it, in the 135th number of the *Spectator*. Accordingly he wrote in lieu of the regular possessive, 'My paper is *Ulysses his* bow.'—*Guardian*, No. 98. There is also one late author who says, 'The *'s* is a contraction of *his*, and was formerly written in full; as, William Russell *his* book.'—Goodenow's *Grammar*, p. 32. This is undoubtedly bad English and always was so, however common may have been the erroneous notion which gave rise to it. But the apostrophe, whatever may have been its origin, is now the acknowledged distinctive mark of the possessive case of English nouns. The application of the *'s*, frequently to feminines, and sometimes to plurals, is proof positive that it is *not* a *contraction* of the pronoun *his:* as,

'Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
 Weighs the *men's* wits against the *lady's* hair.'
—Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, C v, l. 72.

The apostrophe was introduced into the possessive case, at least for the singular number, in some part of the seventeenth century. Its adoption for the plural appears to have been later."—Goold Brown, *Grammar of English Grammars*, pp. 262-263.

schedule.—"F. L. S.," Colorado Springs, Colo.—Prof. Thomas R. Lounsbury, the greatest English scholar of his time, taught that in words of our tongue, which have a Latin or Greek original, "ch" has almost invariably the sound of "k." In the case of "sch" the notable exceptions now existing are *schism*, *schist*, in which the "c" is suppressed altogether. The root of the word *schedule* is *skid*, to cleave; part; Greek *skizein*, to split; Anglo-Saxon *scūd*, account. The French *cedule* came from Provençal *cedula*, *cedola*, forms that may be found in the Spanish and Italian to this day. and all of which owe their origin to the Latin *schedula*, a leaf or page; from *cheda*, leaf; from the Greek *skede*, a tablet or leaf.

To show the people of his day how the word *schedule* should be pronounced, Shakespeare spelled it *scedule* (1595), and it was so printed in the First Folio Edition of his works—

"What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a *scedule!*"
—*Merchant of Venice*, act 2, scene 9.

The form *scedule*, in which the "c" had its Latin and Anglo-Saxon value "k," was used in 1465, while the form *schedule* was not introduced until 1560, and then by Queen Elizabeth. The British record of the pronunciations of this word may be summarized as follows: *skedyule*, Price, 1668; John Jones, 1701; Buchanan, 1757; Kenrick, 1773; Perry, 1777; Jameson, 1827; Webster, 1828-91; Worcester, 1859; Century, 1892; Standard, 1894; New Standard, 1913-29 (11); *sedyule*, a form used in the Rolls of Parliament of England for 1397, was indicated by Watts, 1714; Fenning, 1760; Buchanan, who noted a change in ten years, 1766; Barclay, 1774; John Shaw, 1777; Marriott, 1780; Sheridan, 1780; Nares, 1784; Elphinston, 1786; Scott, 1797; Stephen Jones, 1798, the last of whom added that the word was pronounced *sked'yule* in Queen Anne's time; and Fulton and Knight, 1802 (11); *shedyule*, Knowles, 1835; Smart, 1836, who added in his Introduction that the word "being of Greek origin should be pronounced *skedyule*"; Reid, 1844; Craig, 1849; Ogilvie, 1850; Annandale's Imperial, 1884; Hunter's Encyclopedic, 1879-88; Stormonth, 1879, and Craigie in the New English Dictionary on Historical Principles, 1913, who added of *sedyule*, "it is doubtful whether this was really justified by usage" (9).

The Latin *schedula* of Cicero, a little scroll, leaf of paper or bill, was never pronounced *sedula* (honest) any more than *shēma* was pronounced *sema*. Granting that the word came into the English through the French, and that the French pronunciation *sedyule* not *shedyule* prevailed in some circles, such as Parliament and the Courts of Law for nearly three-quarters of a century, there is no justification for the corrupt modern English pronunciation of the word.

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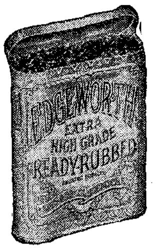

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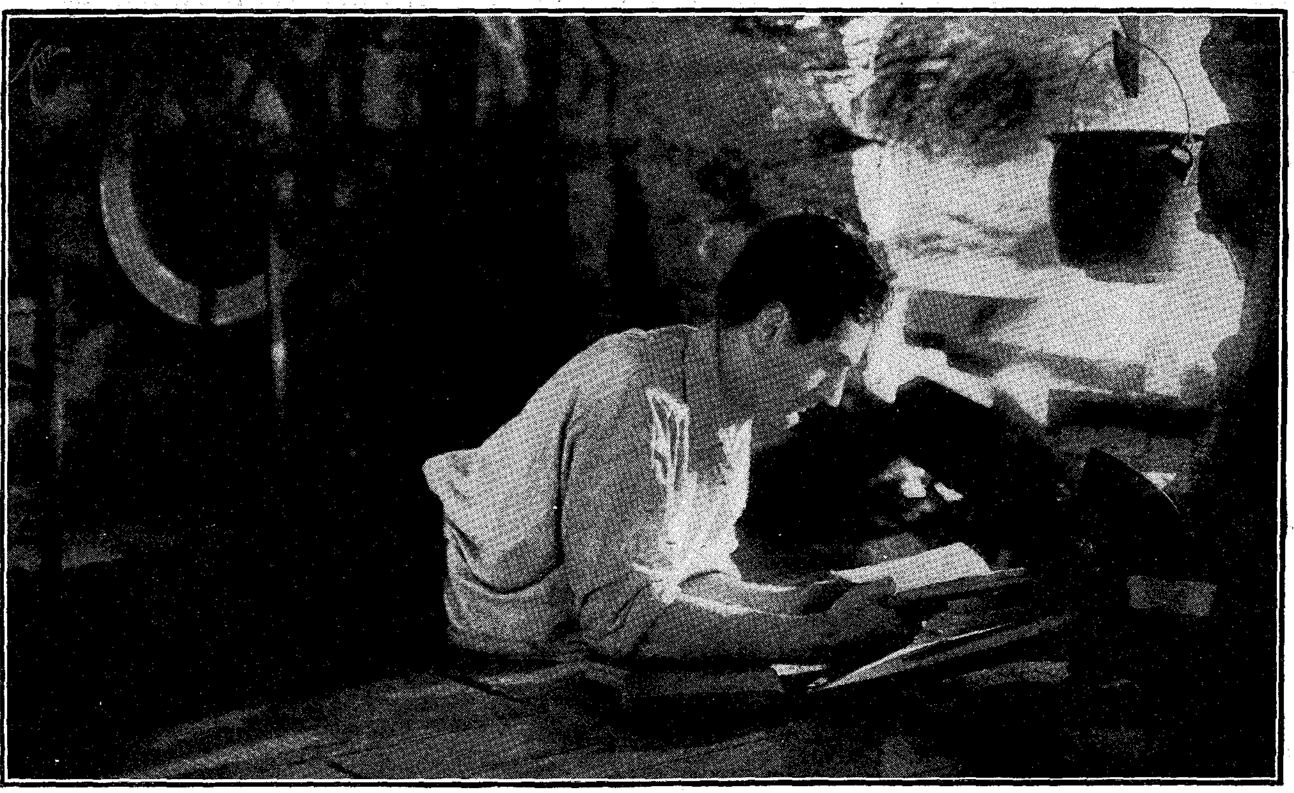

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